

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

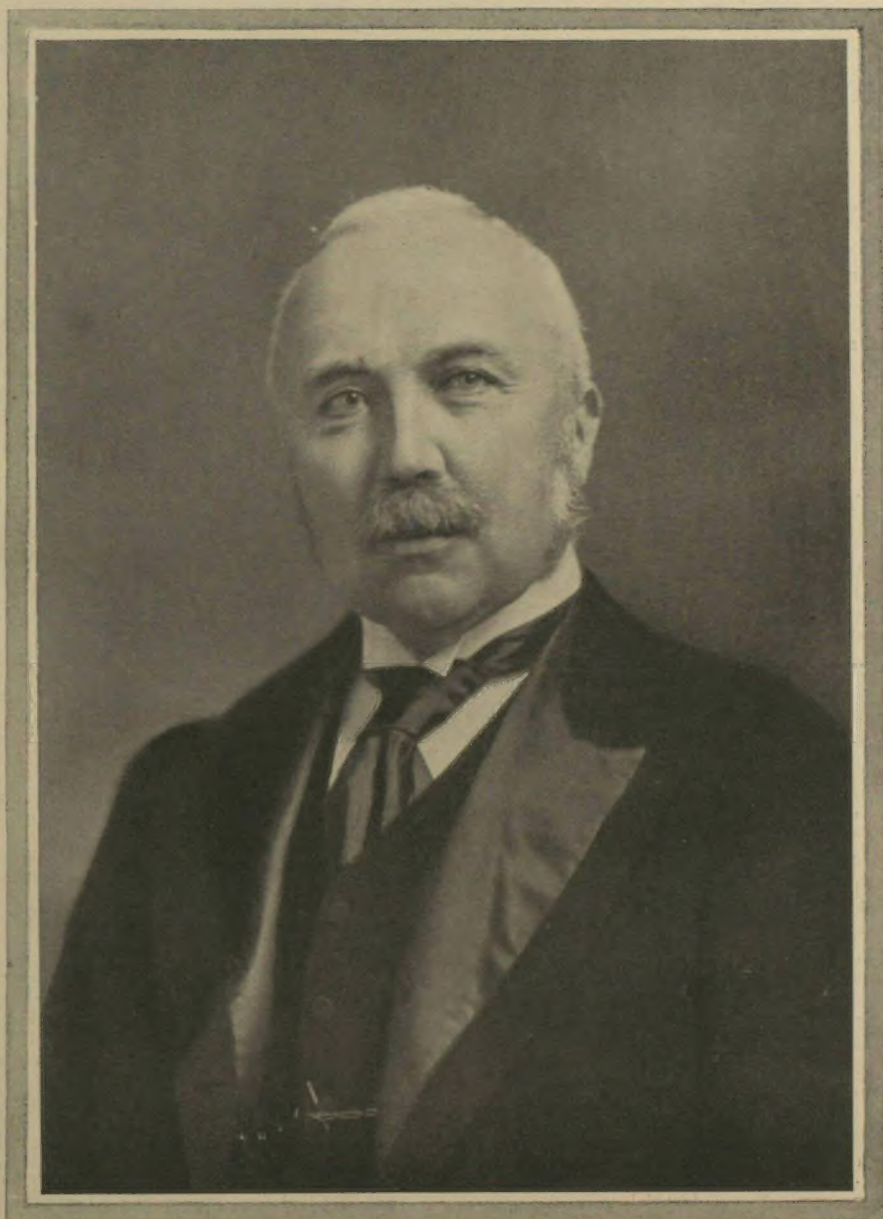
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SIXPENCE.

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THE NEW PRIME MINISTER: SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIOTT AND FRY.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who, on the retirement of Mr. Balfour, was requested by the King to form a Ministry, has been Leader of the Liberal Party in the House of Commons since 1899. He was Minister for War in 1895, when the Liberal Administration was defeated on the famous Cordite vote.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY G. K. CHESTERON.

A certain politician (whom I would not discuss here on any account) once said of a certain institution (which wild horses shall not induce me to name) that "It must be mended or ended." Few people who use this useful phrase about reform notice the important thing about it. The important thing about it is that the two methods described are not similar but opposite; between mending and ending there is not a difference of degree but of vital antagonism of kind. Mending is based upon the idea that the original nature of the thing is good; ending is based upon the idea that the original nature of the thing is bad—or, at least, has lost all power of being good.

If I "mend" an armchair it is because I want an armchair. I mend the armchair because I wish to restore it to a state of more complete armchairishness. My objection to the armchair in its unmended state is that its defects prevent it from being in the fullest sense an armchair at all. If (let us say) the back has come off and three of the legs have disappeared, I realise, in looking at it, not merely that it presents a sense of general irregularity to the eye; I realise that in such and such respects it does definitely fall short of the Divine and Archetypal Armchair, which, as Plato would have pointed out, exists already in heaven.

But it is possible that I might possess among my drawing-room furniture some object—let us say a rack or a thumb-screw—of which the whole nature and *raison d'être* was repellent to my moral feelings. If my thumb-screw fell into slight disrepair, I should not mend it at all; because the more I mended the thumb-screw the more thumb-screw it would be. If my private rack were out of order, I should be in no way disturbed; for my private code of ethics prevents me from racking anyone, and the more it was out of order the less likely it would be that any casual passer-by could get racked on it.

In short, a thing is either bad or good in its original aims and functions. If it is good, we are in favour of mending it; and because we are in favour of mending it, we are necessarily opposed to ending it. If it is bad, we are in favour of ending it; and because we are in favour of ending it, we ought to fly into a passion at the mere thought of mending it. It is the question of this fundamental alternative, the right or wrong of the primary idea, which we have to settle in the case of receiving money for charity from members of dubious or disputed trades, from a publican to a pirate.

This is an extremely good example of the fact I have often enunciated, the fact that there is nothing so really practical and urgent as ideal philosophy. If being a publican is a bad thing in its nature, then the quickest way of getting a good settlement is to punish a man for being a publican, to suppress him like a smuggler, to treat the man who administers beer like a man who administers poison. But if being a publican is a good thing in itself, then the quickest way of getting good publicans is to admire a man because he is a publican, to follow him in great crowds, and crown him with laurel because he is a publican. It is a practical course to destroy a thing; but the only other practical course is to idealise it. A respected despot may sometimes be good; but a despised despot must always be despicable. If you are going to end an innkeeper, it can be done quite easily with a hatchet. But if you are going to mend an innkeeper, you must do it tenderly, you must do it reverently. You must nail an extra arm or leg on to his person, keeping always before you the Platonic image of the perfect innkeeper, to whose shape you seek to restore him.

So I would deal with the seller of whisky or of battle-ships, whose contributions to charity were spurned for conscience' sake by Mr. Bernard Shaw's latest dramatic creation. Certainly "Major Barbara's" rejection of the alms cannot rationally be imitated unless we suppress the trades. If we think these tradesmen wrong, it is absurd merely to refuse their contributions to charities. To do so amounts merely to this: that we tolerate them all the time they are doing evil, and only begin to insult them when they begin to do good.

THE "INS" AND THE "OUTS."

When the reviewer of history pauses, in years that we shall not know, to consider British progress in the decades that have elapsed since Mr. Gladstone fell from power in 1886, he will say that the period was one in which Great Britain accomplished work of vast importance in consolidating a position that it had cost her centuries of service and sacrifice to acquire. If the Unionist party that practically replaced the Conservatives when the Home Rule question came to the fore, and has ruled England directly or indirectly since, must now wander in the shades of Opposition, it may find consolation in a review of the progress that has been made under its auspices at home and abroad.

Social legislation, in which the late Government did not exactly shine, has now a chance of whole-hearted attention; but the man who elects to look beyond the area of purely local questions, and regards the British Empire as the greatest and most beneficent world-power on the planet, can only see the larger issues of government. Perhaps he realises that no form of rule is likely to be perfect, and that in politics, as in war, victorious achievement is the reward of the leader who makes the smallest number of mistakes. The Unionist Government may have committed all the offences denounced by its enemies, but it has done work at home, and especially abroad, for which all reasonable men must give due credit. In the days of Mr. Gladstone, whose splendid genius was so largely given to internal affairs, foreign business suffered. The great Liberal statesman loved his country so well that he could not spare the time needed for pressing problems beyond its borders, and it has been said that when he asked Lord Rosebery to go to the Foreign Office in his last Administration, he consented only on the distinct understanding that he was to have a free hand. It is worthy of remark that Lord Rosebery practised continuity in foreign affairs, realising the immense value of Lord Salisbury's lead, and it is no small tribute to both the Unionist party and their successors to-day that the responsible leaders of the "Ins" have declared their intention of following Lord Lansdowne.

As a world-power our position to-day is altogether different from what it was in days when Mr. Gladstone, already in his seventy-seventh year, left office. Not only are the Empire's vast possessions confirmed to us, but they are being developed upon lines that commend themselves to responsible statesmen. Whether he be a saint, as his friends allege, or a sinner, as his enemies declare, Mr. Chamberlain may put the development of the Imperial Ideal to his credit. It was no new idea of his. In days before he was a prominent politician, many men, James Anthony Froude prominent among them, had called upon this country to realise what its Colonial possessions meant; and if Liberal Administrations may not rightly be charged with actual neglect or indifference, they have hitherto done less than their opponents to develop the Imperial sentiment.

At home, social progress under the Unionist Administration has been very slow, but this was to be expected. Very many and powerful forces have come to the aid of the masses in the past few years. Trade Unions have established a rule of their own, no whit less tyrannical than that which they set out to oppose. Democracy has moved from one success to another, and has wrested from unwilling hands legislation of a kind like the Workmen's Compensation Act, the Unemployed Workmen Act, and others, that, while they seem good, are denounced on the ground that they do not do enough. That succeeding Governments must make more and more concessions to the great working-class is inevitable; but it is no bad thing for the State that every measure demanded should be most carefully examined, and, if found capable of disturbing seriously the proper balance between employers and employed, rejected fearfully. If the Liberals are united in the belief that Free Imports are the land's salvation, they are at least divided upon the great question that, like the poor, is always with us—the question of Home Rule.

It is unfortunate that Lord Rosebery's attitude in the matter deprives the Liberal leader of the services of the statesman whose appeal to the popular imagination has never failed. Other men on the same side have been so often tempted by the fashion of British politics to make stupid, unreasoning appeals to the prejudices of an electioneering mob that the public may well be excused if it forget their small record of practical service and judge them by speeches of which the speakers themselves are probably far from proud. Now the Liberal Party can pass from words to deeds, and will doubtless justify their supporters.

For Mr. Balfour and his colleagues the present hour can hold little that is unpleasing. The ex-Premier and some of his Cabinet have earned a period of repose. That they have blundered, that they have been favoured by luck, that they have been at times inconsistent, that they have achieved less than might have been expected, taking into consideration the great majority by which they have ruled—all this must be conceded—and yet, when the confession has been made, our opening sentence will, within limits, hold good.

MOTIVES AND CUES.

The motive and the cue for passion.—*Hamlet.*

If any sign were needed that we are utterly blasé, it is our apathy towards the big events of the world. We are hustled from edition to edition of the papers, which scream at us that everything is happening, and we end by grasping nothing that is happening. There are no pauses in which we can breathe and ask with leisured Athens what will be the next new thing. It is on us, and dies decrepit before we have well read the lines announcing it. For a very little while, it is true, the Russo-Japanese War made some stir, but its monotony of wholesale carnage and its tedious one-sidedness wore out the thin thread of public patience, and long before the Peace of Portsmouth it was scarcely good for a thrill. We were rash enough to think that it would be otherwise when the Russian Revolution was at length upon us, and the startling horror of Vladimir's Day certainly gave some colour to the suggestion; but now, when the upheaval is in full turmoil, we seem to realise it not at all. The newspapers may print their Muscovite headings in "scare" type, but the effect is none the less flat. Frankly, the public does not care, and hardly understands that a national tragic drama, bigger than the French Revolution, is in progress, while it trifles languidly with a change of Government or concerns itself for ten minutes with the latest victory of the "All Blacks." And even the New Zealanders' merry victories in the mud suffer from the very canker that slew interest in the war. They are so uniformly one-sided.

Certain misguided persons of romantic imaginations fancied that when Russia finally took fire it would be possible to feel something of the sympathetic excitement that stirred England when Louis XVI. lost his head. But it is otherwise, and one questions whether even a Russian parallel (which Heaven forefend!) to that event would do more than vitalise the sale of one or two "extra-specials." The truth is, we are overfed with news or "intelligence," as the greatest of papers persists in misnaming it. In the old days it came slowly, piecemeal, and there were long intervals of waiting for the next sensation. The telegraph has robbed us of that exquisite suspense, which gave imagination stimulus and made the brain receptive for what was to come. Custom, to quote the ancient truism, has blunted sensibility. Our heads have been pounded until their natural dulness has become obfuscation. For some days the man in the train has had nothing to say to his neighbour. He merely scowls at his paper, and when he is asked ten minutes later what is in it, he mumbles some inarticulate generality to cover the shame of his ignorance. "Oh, more riots," he growls, "in Cronstadt or Sebastopol, or somewhere"; and then, after a sagacious pause, he adds oracularly, "I'll give Bannerman six months"; or, "The King's been complimenting the New Zealand players at the Fat-Stock Show—his Majesty's always on the spot. I see the Prince is at Rawal Pindi. Where's that?" Therein we have the sum-total of maturational intelligence.

Enter now the sceptic, who declares that public interest of the kind the dreamer desires is a fallacy. As it is now, so it was long ago, he cries. This palpitating eagerness that thrilled with the throes of France is a figment of an after-time. When the Carlyle of to-morrow writes the story of the Russian Revolution our sons' sons will envy us delectable old fogies who lived through it all. This gives the literary critic and historian furiously to think, for we used to hold it an excellent point of knowledge that the French Revolution was the cause of a new birth in English Literature. We could even prove that Wordsworth was in Paris during part of the struggle, and we used to trace the influence of *sans-culottism* in Byron, Coleridge, and Shelley. We may be on the verge of another great literary movement in England. Will that fifty years hence be traced to the overthrow of Tsardom? Possibly; but the public mind will need to be shaken out of itself as it is not at present, if the influence is to have any significance. And the daily Press will have to cut its wires and become bi-weekly before we see any worthy literary renaissance at all.

There is, however, one sign of hope that the Muscovite terror may have at least a chance of moving our imagination. At the moment of writing comes word that "Russia is isolated," the placard's grandiose way of saying that no news is passing her borders. And even with the momentary pause in telegrams, imagination sets to work. "Now I understand," said someone who only reads the posters, "why I have had no Russian letters. Very likely my friends are all killed." The picture of probable tragedy—of wholesale and indiscriminate slaughter beyond the great white silence—was Eschylean in its completeness. There poetry was born, and with it the hope of a new literature from the great happenings of 1905 in Muscovy. But it is well not to prophesy rashly. The poet was a reader of posters only, and kept thus far a mind virgin of the daily Press. Before we can hope for a general literary revival, we must forswear hurrying editions, and pause reverently before the artistic suggestion of the placard, that abstract and brief chronicle of the time.

J. D. SYMON.

THE WORLD'S NEWS.

DIARY OF THE
PRINCE'S TOUR.

On Nov. 28 the Prince and Princess of Wales reached Lahore, where they were received by the Municipal Council at the Anarkali Gardens. The Prince in his speech made special mention of the extraordinary extension which had been wrought by the Irrigation Department, whose efforts had added new districts to the Punjab, and he congratulated Lahore on being a

the Presidency of the Royal Astronomical Society, and the Presidency of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, a Royal Medal, medals of the Royal Astronomical Society, prizes from the Académie de France, and the Brazilian Order of the Rose. Lady Huggins is as enthusiastic an astronomer as her husband, and helped him in his "Atlas of Representative Stellar Spectra."

Lord Rayleigh, who succeeds Sir William Huggins as President of the Royal Society, has held the Professorship of Natural Philosophy at the Royal Institution since 1887. He is the third Baron Rayleigh, and is one of the

Mr. Henry Sutton, Junior Counsel to the Treasury, who succeeds Mr. Justice Wills in the High Court, is a barrister of Lincoln's Inn. Mr. Sutton has never taken silk, but there is precedent for this appointment direct from the Junior Bar to the Bench in the case of Mr. Justice Wright, who was promoted from a similar position.

In the late Sir Clinton Edward Dawkins, who died on Dec. 2, the Empire loses one of her most able servants. Sir Clinton, who was forty-six years of age, was a member of that famous Balliol set which included Lord Curzon and Lord Milner. From Oxford he passed



Photo, Elliott and Fry.
MR. KINNAIRD MACKENZIE,
NEW SCOTCH JUDGE.



Photo, Manill and Fox.
LORD KINNAIRD,
NEW PRESIDENT V.M.C.A. INTERNATIONAL COUNCIL.



Photo, Newman.
LORD RAYLEIGH,
NEW PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.



Photo, Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE SIR CLINTON DAWKINS,
EMINENT FINANCIER.

nursery of loyal and devoted soldiers. The Prince said that he hoped he would soon have the opportunity of seeing the men who had won for the Punjab the name of the Sword Hand of India. On the 29th their Royal Highnesses held a brilliant reception, attended by the provincial Durbaris of Lahore, Jullundur, Rawal Pindi, and Multan in full state. Each of the chiefs as he was presented by the Governor offered a tribute of one gold mohur, which the Prince touched and remitted. In the afternoon the Princess visited the Dufferin Hospital. On the 30th the Prince paid return visits to the chiefs, who were encamped at Lahore in a canvas city in the form of a great crescent. On Dec. 1 the Prince held a great review of the Imperial Service troops; more than three thousand men of the Punjab State were on parade. The Prince reached Peshawar on Dec. 2, and held a durbar which was marked by an entire absence of Oriental pomp. The first chief presented was the Mehtar of Chitral, who was placed in power by the British expeditionary force of 1895. On Dec. 3 the Prince and Princess went to church and drove through the cantonments, and on Dec. 4 they visited the Khyber Pass.

most eminent of English men of science. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was Senior Wrangler and Smith's Prizeman in 1865, and Fellow in 1866. From 1879 to 1884 he held the Professorship of Experimental Physics at Cambridge, and from 1887 to 1896 he was secretary to the Royal Society, of which he now becomes the head. His chief publication is a treatise on the Theory of Sound.

Cameron of Lochiel, twenty-fourth Chief of the Clan Cameron, who died on Nov. 30 at the age of seventy, served both Scotland and Great Britain in many ways,

to the India Office, and in 1889 he succeeded Sir Alfred Milner as Private Secretary to Lord Goschen, who was then Chancellor of the Exchequer. He made finance his special subject, and in 1895 he was appointed Under-Secretary of State for Finance in Egypt, an office he held till 1898, when he went to India as financial member of the Governor-General's Council. At that time the depreciation of the rupee had upset Indian finances, but Sir Clinton Dawkins quickly restored commercial stability by the establishment of a gold standard. Five years ago he joined the firm of Messrs. J. S. Morgan and Co., but he still continued

in the public service, for in 1901 he was chairman of the Committee for War Office Organisation. For his services on that board he was knighted.

Sir William Conyngham Greene, who has been Minister at Berne, has been transferred to Bucharest. He was born in 1854, and was educated at Pembroke College, Oxford. His first public appointment was a clerkship in the Foreign Office in 1877, and three years later he became acting Third Secretary at Athens. He served also at Stuttgart, Darmstadt, the Hague, Brussels and Teheran. In 1896 he became British Agent in Pretoria, with the rank of *Chargé d'Affaires*. This appointment was interrupted by the war. In 1900 he was created K.C.B., and in 1901 Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Swiss Confederation.

Lord Kinnaird, who succeeds Sir George Williams as President of the International Council of the Y.M.C.A., is the eleventh Baron Kinnaird of Rossie. Lord Kinnaird is a director of Barclay and Co., bankers, and is the owner of about 11,900 acres. He is the Honorary



Photo, Elliott and Fry.
SIR A. NICOLSON,
NEW BRITISH AMBASSADOR AT ST. PETERSBURG.



Photo, Fradette and Young.
MRS. SIDNEY WEBB,
APPOINTED TO THE POOR LAW COMMISSION.



Photo, Elliott and Fry.
SIR W. CONYNGHAM GREENE,
NEW BRITISH MINISTER AT BUCHAREST.

OUR PORTRAITS.

Sir Arthur Nicolson, who succeeds Sir Charles Hardinge at St. Petersburg, has been our Ambassador at Madrid since last year. He began his public career in 1870 in the Foreign Office, where he was for a time Private Secretary to Earl Granville. He afterwards went as Third Secretary to Berlin, and filled various diplomatic appointments at Peking, Constantinople, Cairo, Athens, and Teheran. In 1894 he

and always with distinction. He entered the Diplomatic Service between fifty-three and fifty-four years ago, beginning his career as an Attaché at Berne. Later years found him holding the same position at Copenhagen, Berlin, and Stockholm, and acting as First Attaché to the Earl of Elgin's Special Mission to China. In 1859 he resigned, and nine years later he was elected to Parliament as member for Inverness-shire, which he represented until 1885. He was a Groom-in-Waiting to Queen Victoria from 1874 till 1880; Lord Lieutenant of Inverness-shire and Convener of the county, and in the Commission of the Peace for

Bucks. His marriage to Lady Margaret Elizabeth Montagu-Douglas-Scott, second daughter of the fifth Duke of Buccleuch, took place in 1875.

Sir Alfred Wills, who is retiring from the Judgeship of the High Court, which he has held since 1884, was born in 1828. He was educated at Edgbaston and at University College, London, where he was distinguished in classics and mathematics. In 1851 he was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple, and in 1872 he took silk. Among his offices were the Recordership of Sheffield, and the Treasurership of the Middle Temple. Mr. Justice Wills was one of the founders of the Alpine Club.

Colonel of the Tay Division Submarine Miners (Royal Engineers Volunteers). He was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge. Lord Kinnaird takes a deep interest in all forms of religious and philanthropic work and in football.

Mrs. Sidney Webb, who has been appointed with Miss Octavia Hill and Mrs. Bernard Bosanquet to serve on the Poor-law Commission, is as great an enthusiast for economic studies as her husband. Mrs. Webb is the eighth daughter of the late Richard Potter.

Mr. C. Kinnaird MacKenzie has been appointed to succeed Lord Adam as one of the Senators of the College



Photo, Whyte.
THE LATE CAMERON OF LOCHIEL,
CHIEF OF THE CLAN CAMERON.



Photo, Elliott and Fry.
SIR WILLIAM HUGGINS,
RETIRING PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.



Photo, Russell.
MR. JUSTICE WILLS,
RETIRED.



Photo, Russell.
MR. HENRY SUTTON,
NEW JUDGE OF THE HIGH COURT.

became British Agent in Bulgaria, and a year later Minister at Tangier. Sir Arthur, who is fifty-seven, is the eleventh Baronet.

Sir William Huggins, who is retiring from the Presidency of the Royal Society, has held that position since 1900. He is probably the most eminent of living astronomers, and at his private observatory at Tulse Hill he has for fifty years devoted himself to the development of spectroscopic astronomy. Sir William, who was born in 1824, was educated at the City of London School. He has received honours innumerable for scientific research; among these are

the Presidency of the Royal Astronomical Society, and the Presidency of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, a Royal Medal, medals of the Royal Astronomical Society, prizes from the Académie de France, and the Brazilian Order of the Rose. Lady Huggins is as enthusiastic an astronomer as her husband, and helped him in his "Atlas of Representative Stellar Spectra."

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OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN INDIA.—THE PRINCE REVIEWING THE BHOPAL VICTORIA LANCERS: THE CHARGE PAST.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOPKROEK FROM A SKETCH BY S. BEGO, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA.

The review was held at Indore, at half-past seven on the morning of November 17. The Princess was present. The corps, 400 strong, was commanded by Sahibzada Obaidallah Khan, the second son of the Begum of Bhopal. The uniform is dark green and light blue. After the inspection, the corps, which is an extremely smart one, marched and charged past. The Prince afterwards complimented the officers and men.



CHRISTIANIA'S WELCOME TO KING HAakon: HIS MAJESTY REPLYING TO THE MUNICIPAL ADDRESS.

DRAWN BY E. ABNO, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT CHRISTIANIA.

As soon as the new King and Queen of Norway landed at Christiania, they were formally welcomed by the Municipality in a pavilion on the quay. The Mayor, Mr. Skaugaard, presented an address, to which the King replied. More than a hundred thousand people were gathered near the landing-stage to welcome their Majesties.

of Justice in Scotland. Mr. MacKenzie is Sheriff of the Counties of Fife and Kinross and is one of the Scottish King's Counsel.

REVOLUTION IN RUSSIA.

The most cheerful optimist could hardly hope to find any matter for congratulation in the developments of Russia's internal crisis. Government is well-nigh paralysed, and Count Witte seems almost unable to steer between the Scylla of revolution and the Charybdis of reaction. To make matters worse, the strikers have closed the telegraphic service of the country, and gone far to make the ordinary postal service ineffective. The Postmaster-General confesses his inability to ensure communications. In all directions telegraph-wires are being cut, and the Union of Unions has forbidden the railway employees to accept Government messages for dispatch over the railway telegraphs. Acting in concert, the Labour Unions have forbidden the transit of mail-vans over railway lines, and it is openly said in St. Petersburg that there are three governments, Count Witte's, the Palace, and the Revolutionary. In consequence of the failure of the central authorities, we are told that even the streets of St. Petersburg are no longer safe. Women are molested by day, and it is not safe for men to go unarmed after night-fall. At time of writing the immediate future of Russia seems to hang in the balance. While on the one hand there may be a surrender to the demands of the Revolutionary party, whose leader, Mr. Khrustaleff, appears to be a man of extraordinary resources and determination, the Tsar may, as a last resource, appoint a Military Dictator.

ANGLO-GERMAN RELATIONS.

The Caxton Hall at Westminster received a notable gathering last week, under the auspices of the Anglo-German Conciliation Committee. Lord Avebury presided over a company that included Lord Stanmore, Mr. Leonard Courtney, Sir Herbert Maxwell, M.P., Mr. Michael Foster, M.P., the Rev. B. F. Meyer, Sir Lewis Morris, and Sir Thomas Barclay. The speakers maintained a high standard of eloquence in pointing out the bad results that must attend the loss of amicable relations between Great Britain and Germany. Lord Avebury deplored the bitterness of the campaign that the

Press in both countries is conducting. Letters were read from Count Bernstorff, Councillor of the German Embassy, the Duke of Argyll, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Mr. Bryce, M.P., Mr. Brodrick, Mr. George Meredith, the Master of Balliol, and many others, all expressing approval of the Committee's aims. Sir John Kennaway, who moved the resolution, declared that neither the economic nor the political interests of Great Britain and Germany are antagonistic; and the Bishop of Southwark, who seconded it, dwelt upon the fact that the people of both countries were of the same faith; while Sir Herbert Maxwell

of the united fleets found no less than £45 in the Custom House, Vice-Admiral von Ripper proceeded to occupy the islands of Lemnos and Imbros, but it is obvious to all who know anything about these Turkish islands that their seizure cannot in any way affect the general situation. In fact, while the Sultan remains quite quiet, the Ambassadors are meeting at regular intervals in Constantinople, and they can do no more than declare that they will not consent to any modification of the demands originally represented to the Porte. The situation is a serious one, and would be amusing if it were not dangerous. According

to the rules of the diplomatic game, Turkey should have yielded on all points as soon as the Powers took action. Her unwillingness or inability to follow the usual procedure leaves the Powers in a rather ridiculous position. If they go back, they will be Powers no longer; if they go forward, they will raise the Near Eastern question in its most acute form.

THE CHARING CROSS STATION DISASTER.

Just before four o'clock in the afternoon of Tuesday, Dec. 5, the southern portion of the great glass and iron roof of Charing Cross Station, which has been for some time under repair, collapsed and fell upon the trains and platforms below. The wreckage carried with it more than thirty men who were working on the roof. Of these four were killed. Fortunately, only empty trains were in the station at the time, so that the loss of life was less than might have been. The damage, however, was not confined to the station. A part of the western wall and

the ends of some of the great girders crashed through the roof of the Avenue Theatre, now under reconstruction, and wrecked the building entirely. Two of the workmen in the theatre were killed. At the moment of the accident the architect of the Avenue Theatre was holding his weekly meeting with his colleagues on the stage, and the party had a very narrow escape. The clerk of the works was carried down with a mass of bricks and was injured. More than thirty cases were treated at Charing Cross Hospital. During the whole of the night following the accident engineers were at work securing the roof from any further fall. Until the debris is removed and the structure made quite safe the traffic will be diverted to Cannon Street. The portion of the roof that gave way could not have weighed less than a hundred tons.



THE FLAG OF INDEPENDENT NORWAY: HOISTING KING HAAKON'S EMBLEM.

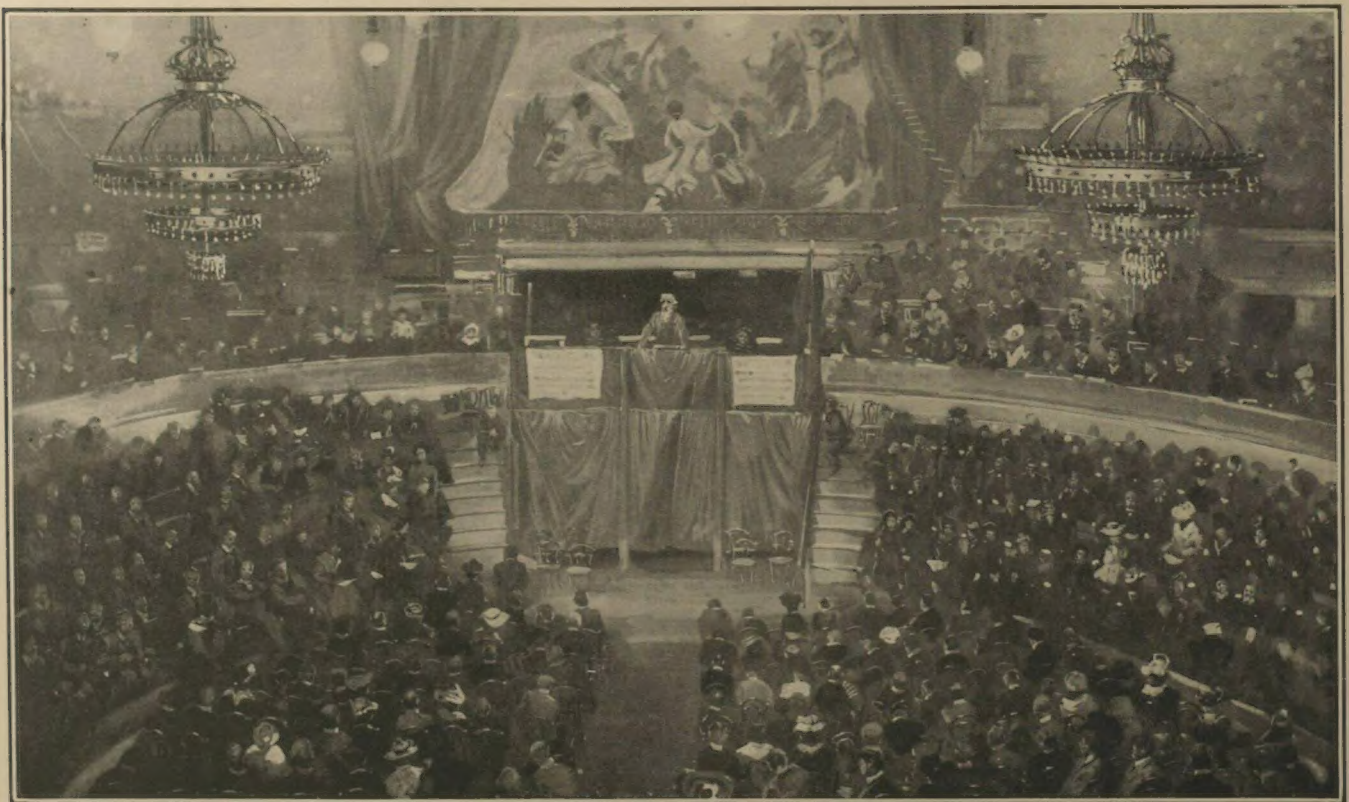
Photo. Wille.

pointed out how peaceably the races had settled down on either side of the Tweed after centuries of fighting. On the proposal of Sir Michael Foster, a committee was appointed to continue the work of promoting good relations between Great Britain and Germany, in such directions and in such ways as might be found advisable.

TURKEY AND THE POWERS.

The Austrian Admiral and his colleagues have made their threatened appearance in the Aegean Sea, and a prominent Turkish official has remarked that the acts of piracy committed by the European vessels have made no difference to the Sultan's views of the Macedonian question. From Mytilene, where the representatives

of the united fleets found no less than £45 in the Custom House, Vice-Admiral von Ripper proceeded to occupy the islands of Lemnos and Imbros, but it is obvious to all who know anything about these Turkish islands that their seizure cannot in any way affect the general situation. In fact, while the Sultan remains quite quiet, the Ambassadors are meeting at regular intervals in Constantinople, and they can do no more than declare that they will not consent to any modification of the demands originally represented to the Porte. The situation is a serious one, and would be amusing if it were not dangerous. According



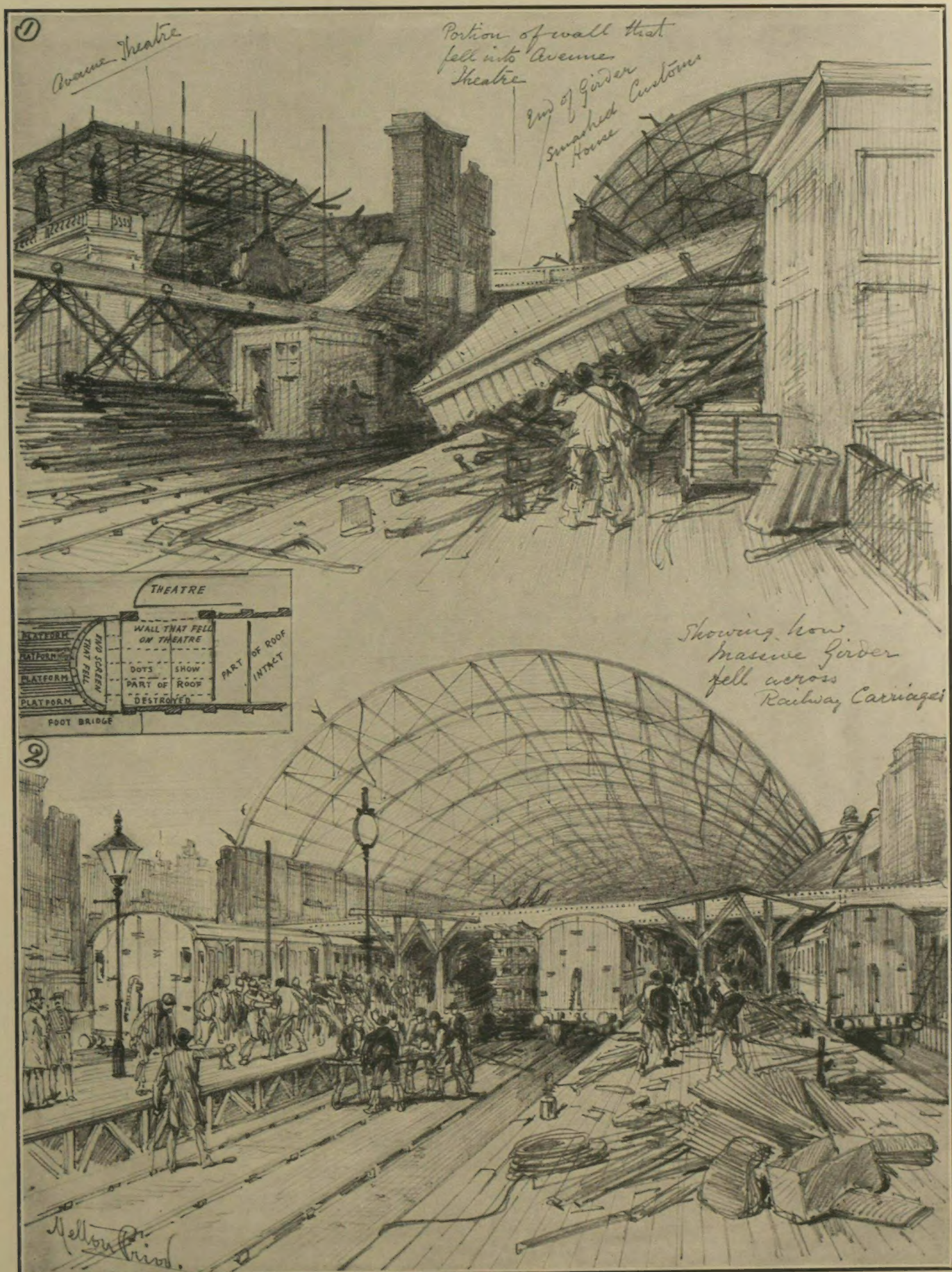
GENERAL BOOTH IN BERLIN: THE MEETING IN THE CIRCUS BUSCH.

DRAWN BY W. RUSSELL FLINT FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SOMMERFELD.

On November 22 General Booth addressed a meeting of 5000 persons at the Circus Busch in Berlin. The General proposed that a League of Peace should be formed to be advocated by crowned heads, Presidents, Governments, the Church, and the Press. He contended that the Salvation Army sought the unity of all nationalities and races.

THE DISASTER AT CHARING CROSS STATION: SCENES AFTER THE COLLAPSE OF THE ROOF.

SKETCHES (FACSIMILE) BY MELTON PRIOR, TAKEN IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE ACCIDENT.



1. THE WRECKAGE, SHOWING THE MAIN GIRDER FALLEN ACROSS TWO TRAINS, AND THE BROKEN WALL ON THE LEFT WHICH CRASHED INTO THE AVENUE THEATRE.

2. THE CLEAN EDGE OF THE COLLAPSE: THE REMAINING PORTION OF THE ROOF, SHOWING THE POINT AT WHICH THE SOUTHERN END OF THE GLASS AND IRON ARCH BROKE AWAY FROM THE REST.

Just before four o'clock in the afternoon of December 5, the southern portion of the great glass and iron roof of Charing Cross Station, which has been for some time under repair, collapsed, hurling to the ground some thirty workmen, of whom six were killed. The part of the western wall supporting the roof and the girders on that side crashed into the newly reconstructed Avenue Theatre, wrecking it almost completely. On another page will be found further details of the accident.

PLACED BY THE PROPHETS: PROMINENT RADICALS ELIGIBLE FOR CABINET RANK.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, RUSSELL, MILLS, HASSANO, MAULL AND FOX, AND THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY.



SIR EDWARD GREY.



THE EARL OF ELGIN.



SIR CHARLES DILKE.



MR. HALDANE.



MR. SYDNEY BUXTON.



LORD CARRINGTON.



MR. JOHN MORLEY.



MR. HERBERT GLADSTONE.



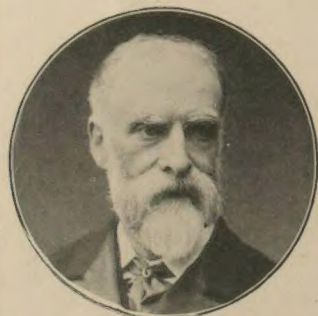
SIR ROBERT REID.



LORD TWEEDMOUTH.



MR. H. H. ASQUITH.



MR. JAMES BRYCE.



SIR ANTONY MACDONNELL.



SIR HENRY FOWLER.



THE MARQUESS OF RIPON.



LORD BURGHCLERE.



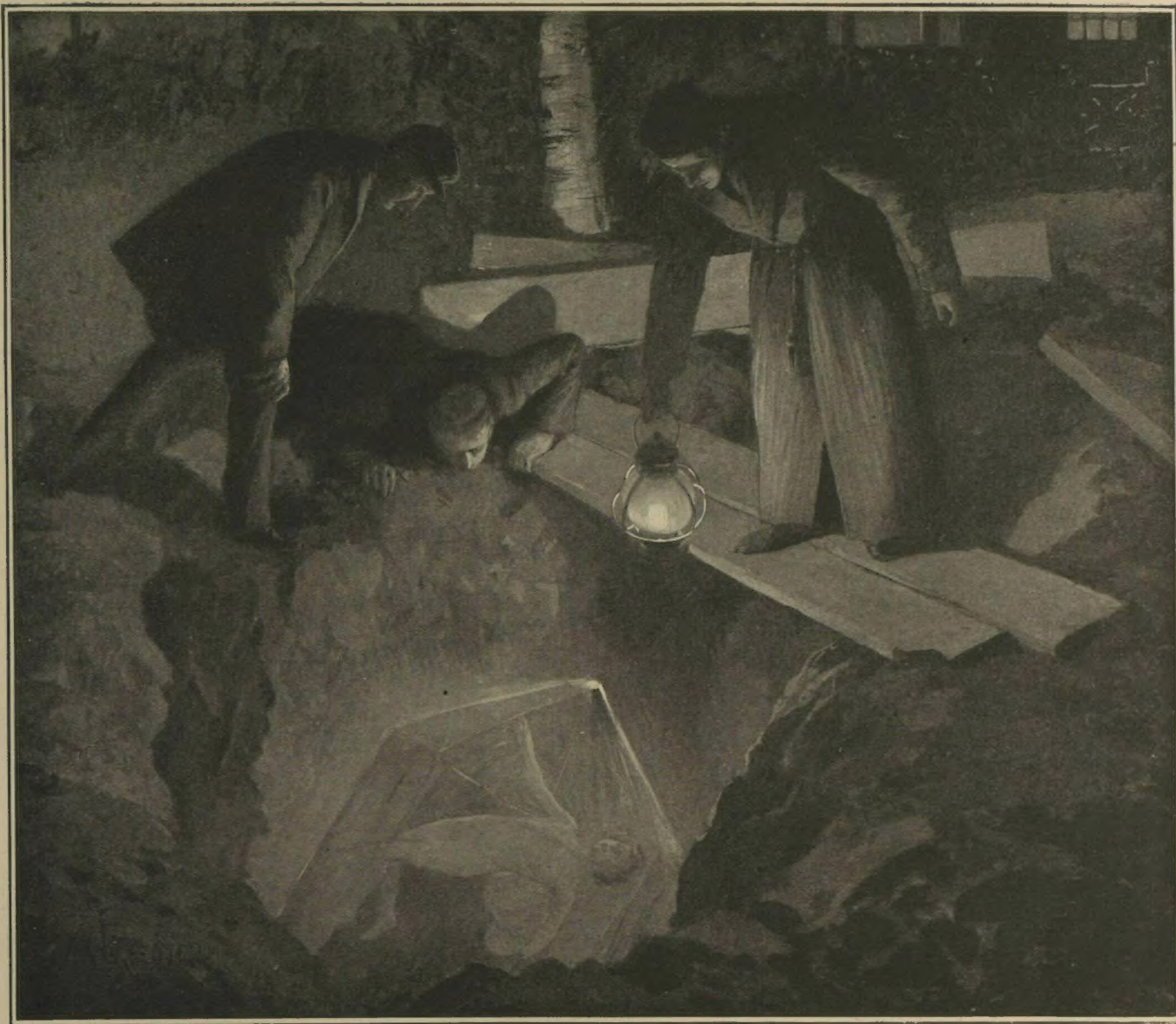
MR. LLOYD-GEORGE.



THE EARL OF CREWE.



LORD BEAUCHAMP.



"SOUNDS," said Verity, "that soar beyond the topmost gamut of our human capacity for hearing are sounds nevertheless—and that is a scientific truism."

Pomfret said "Oh, great Scott!" as he sat tilted back in his chair, his eyes on the ceiling, his hands behind his head, and a short clay between his teeth. Rawlinson was helping himself at the table to a whisky-and-potash, with an amused smile on his face; and the bread-and-butterfly boy (or, alternatively, the "Small Skipper," as we called him) was leaning forward, his elbows on his knees, and staring at Verity.

"The ear," continued our host, "can distinguish, physically, only up to a certain pitch. Beyond that, sound is not extinguished, but the power of hearing abruptly ceases—or, at best, loses its human definition of a *sense*."

"The times have been," murmured Pomfret, "'that when the brains were out the man would die.'"

"Ah!" said Verity; "but I am not wandering."

Now, I was watchful of our friend, and a little eager that he should talk on. His inclination was always to the abstruse side of metaphysics, whence to mysticism is a shallow step. But this night, so it appeared to me, there was a dogmatic insistence about his note which seemed an earnest of some conviction more determined than any he had hitherto come at. Moreover, I had been conscious ever since we came of an atmosphere in the room as of a constraint which, like stored electricity, was dense with possibilities.

We were all from Corby Agricultural College, where the most of us were for practical farming, and only the "Small Skipper" for picturesque entomology; and it was our habit to trudge over to Verity's of a Saturday night for a pipe and a talk. Our belief in ourselves generally was impermeable—here, again, with

the exception of the "Small Skipper," who thought very small beer of *himself*, and who was orthodox and wore a collar with a very little bow in it, like a parlourmaid's cuff. Pomfret, moreover, was an agnostic, and that was against him as a farmer, because, in his contempt of a Providence, he desired to improve upon Nature with chemical manures which killed the first crop and debarred all hope of a second.

How Verity ever came to be one of us I have no notion. He was at the College some five or six months in my early recollection of it; presumably satisfied himself, and the authorities, as to his inability to take the regular course seriously; retired to a little cottage on the fringe of the high downs a mile above Corby, and had there ever since lived a life of leisured solitude, to the which a few of us chosen ones would put an occasional accent. He had an independence, a semi-diurnal house-keeper, a pallid, high-boned face, with an expression on it which was something between a sheep's and an angel's, thin, rather long hair, the colour of barley-straw, eyeglasses on his nose, a great Persian tabby, and some excellent whisky. At our contentious reunions he wore an amber-tinted dressing-gown, which gave him rather the appearance of a monkish ascetic, and which was the garment so habitual to him that, in my memory, he never figures in any other.

"I am going to talk," said he, sucking at his pipe, his eyes fixed on the beyond. "I am going

to talk, and the odds are not one of you will understand me."

"That's likely enough," said Rawlinson. "The fellow's in King Cambyzes' vein. What's up with you, Jack? And at what unholy altars have you been sacrificing that the place smells like a perfume shop?"

We had all noticed this as we walked up to Verity's that particular evening.

There was a faint, sweet scent abroad—in the cottage, on the slopes about it, and caught in the privet hedges like hay from a passing waggon—a most subtle peculiar scent, the like of which none of us had ever before experienced.

Verity noticed the question only by taking in the speaker with a single hurrying glance. Then he went on dreamily—

"Speech interprets thought as inadequately as notes interpret the complications of harmonics which compose them. Utterances are recurring incidents—the merest milestones to direct us along the road of organic existence. They are the confused attempt to express in some coherent form our *inexpressible* sense of the infinite distance we traverse in imagination between word and word."

Rawlinson had returned to his chair. Curiously, I noticed, some spirit of glowering uneasiness appeared to have seized upon every member of the party; and that despite the show of humorous tolerance with which each had accepted the vapourings of his host. Seemingly unconscious of our presence, or using us only for his recurrent milestones, Verity went on—

"Sense, as we have educated it to bear upon our relations one with another, is a selection of the results of combinations (each combination being a note that is built up of many harmonics) fittest to our purpose. We have been given the world to govern—a tough problem. To solve it we have had to learn, not what to

AS A FLY IN AMBER

By BERNARD CAPES.

Illustrated by A. FORESTIER.

accept, but what to reject. Speech and music were a necessary choice, because each could express, within a like system of limitations, what the other could not. But the 'passion of the past' remains with us, nevertheless—a faint consciousness of all the infinite we have rejected in order that we may acquit ourselves of our obligations to the finite."

Pomfret sighed heavily; and the "Small Skipper" put in a rapid bashful word—

"I understand, Mr. Verity. The wires of that dumb piano there may be full of strange whisperings between the last note and the one to come."

We all stared, and Rawlinson sniggered uneasily. But Verity turned a serene, kindly look on the lad, and said—

"That's right—that's right. There are some of us who know that every breath of air may evoke silent laughter in it; every step in the house set its strings secretly gossiping."

Pomfret jumped up suddenly.

"Look here, Verity!" he said, "I don't know what the 'nation you're driving at, or what possesses you to go on in this way! You're too fond of these abstract speculations—all very right, I daresay—but—"

He broke off, passed his hand in a bewildered manner across his forehead, and continued in an amazed voice—

"I feel between the devil and the deep sea!"

Rawlinson was next on his feet. His assumed jocosity was all gone in an irritable quiver of nerves.

"I'm off!" he cried. "I'm jigged if I can stand this any longer. What foolery have you been up to in the house, Jack? There's an atmosphere—an atmosphere, I say—!"

He, too, came to a stop; and all we careless men stared at one another with bewildered looks.

Verity came forward, a peculiarly sweet and tolerant smile on his face. He held out his hand.

"Good-night, George!" he said. "You're right to go, and so's Pomfret. You've taught me something for which I'm grateful. But practical agriculture's your forte, and that don't include directions for grafting on the Tree of Knowledge."

"Bally rot!" muttered Rawlinson. "There's something here, I say—"

Verity interrupted him in the same gentle tone.

"Yes, yes; I know—I know."

Then he turned to me.

"Are you off too?"

"No," I said; "I'll stop if I may."

"And me too," gulped the "Small Skipper," who was not matriculated in grammar.

Pomfret faced upon the youngster determinedly.

"Now, don't you be an ass!" he said. "There's too much electricity about for you. Your little milky brain'll turn sour."

"Mr. Verity!" cried the boy eagerly, "do say I'm to stop. I like to hear you talk, and it doesn't frighten me a bit."

I put in a word.

"He's under my wing. I'll see that no harm comes to him. This is really going too far, you fellows."

"No, I'm hanged if it is!" said Pomfret. But the two men went out sullenly together.

II.

As their steps echoed away down the road, Verity turned to me with a radiant smile on his lips.

"I'm sorry," he said softly; "but I wished them to go. I have a revelation for you that it was impossible to utter before such unsympathetic rogues."

I looked towards the bread-and-butterfly boy doubtfully.

"Ah!" said our host. "You must not be apprehensive. This secret of mine is all lapped in sorrow and tenderness, and can startle you into nothing more unaccustomed than tears."

If I did not write our friend down a maniac, it was because I, too, seemed inexplicably associated with the emotion which possessed him.

The boy's eyes were shining and spiritual, and his breath came quickly. He spoke out in a hurried, wondering voice—

"I have never felt so little a fool as I do to-night. I seem to remember a hundred things. Mr. Verity, have you invented a new gas? And what were you going on to say when they interrupted you?"

I seconded the question with a look. After all, the boy had put my own extraordinary sensations into words.

Verity went and placed his hand kindly on the lad's shoulder, and so standing, addressed his speech in a caressing monotone to both of us.

"I was coming to this: if you can force yourself to forget words altogether, to put speech and the faculty of it in abeyance, you begin, by very small degrees at first, to be conscious of the whisperings of the abnormal, to be conscious of regaining the power to understand and interpret the hitherto secrets of the periods between uttered words and between uttered notes."

I burst out with—

"You can! I am bewilderingly conscious of the power myself, here and now, though I have been making no effort towards self-abstraction."

He turned to me, his face full of a gentle rebuke. "You have always played the sceptic and the disbeliever—you and your friends. Look here!"

He left the boy and came to me. As he did so, the former, whose face had worn a rapt, tranced look under his touch, uttered a deep sigh, and then an exclamation of impatience.

Verity put his fingers lightly on my arm. With the contact, a darting shoal of harmonics (I can express it no better) seemed to people my very spring of life—a glittering dust of sounds and thoughts and clipped threads of fancy, which made of mere being a poignant ecstasy. It was as if the precipitate of thirty years had been stirred with a diviner's rod.

He removed his hand, and the illusion simmered down (again I despair of expression), and left me wondering, as before, on the hither side of the abnormal.

I cried out hysterically—

"What is it all? Where did you get the power?"

And he answered—

"I touched and it came to me, and I touch you and transmit it."

"Touched! Touched what?"

"Ah!" he said, "that is the point. And now you must put your scepticism to school."

His manner was always that of a gentle mystic, but this night he seemed exalted on the very pinions of divine forbearance—unruffled and serene.

"Oh!" he murmured, "believe what I tell you. Beyond this, there is at least one other existence which is yet not the final achievement of the spiritual, but still much nearer that achievement than is ours."

"The proof?" I muttered.

"And now," he went on with a smile, "we come to prose."

He looked in my face, but did not again touch me.

"I am rightly inspired," he said, "to reveal this secret of mine to ready recipients. To die with it locked in my breast were to show a greater lack of cruelty than Caracalla's. What is the known composition of asteroids?"

The abrupt change of theme was so like bathos that it half restored me to myself; and I gave a little puff! of a laugh.

"Stone and meteoric iron and magnesium principally, I believe," said I.

"Anything else?"

"Oh! I daresay."

"But anything else, I mean—any metal, or substance, or combination of substances which is as completely outside our human knowledge and experience as is the—the conventional presentment of an angel, for instance?"

"No—certainly not."

He gave a great sigh. His whole face lighted up, as if from an inward radiance.

"I can upset that belief," said he. "Will you come and look?"

"Look? At what?"

"At an asteroid—a meteor. There was talk of a brilliant one seen in the neighbourhood four—no, five nights ago."

"There was indeed. More than one person swore to its falling upon the earth."

"More than one person was right. It fell, and lies buried in my garden."

III.

I have often sought to convince myself that, amongst the influences of that extraordinary night, when the three of us stole like thieves over Verity's flower-beds, were the atmospheric conditions under which we laboured. As we came out by the little rustic door at the back, a low boom of storm surged over the hills, like the sound of a train crossing the high bridge in the valley below. The sky was thronged with great blots of clouds, which ever soaked and spread till they overlapped one another in monstrous scales of thunder. The trees stood stiff, and the hedges seemed all bristling with expectancy of some dreadful onset.

He, Verity, led us to the very middle of a bare patch where the soil—for it was November—had been recently stripped and turned against the coming frosts. Here, under a lofty birch-pole, whose bark gleamed as if it were printed with dapples of moonlight, an excavation in the ground had been hastily and roughly boarded over. Standing with his foot upon this flooring, he turned to us who followed, the lantern swinging in his hand.

"You must be brave and pitiful," he said, "for it is a sight to drain the very spring of tears."

The "Small Skipper" was pressing upon me from the back. I heard and felt his breath at my ear. He seemed half-choking. Slewing my head about, I caught a glimpse of his face in the pallid radiance. It was drawn and white—semi-transparent, it seemed—and with a movement under the skin, as if the soul, appropriately, were struggling to burst its aurelia.

"Will he die?" I thought. But it was too late now for retreat.

With our every step towards the place at which we were now arrived, that unnamable atmosphere had increased in density; and here the scent—or the colour, or the language—which was it?—wrought in one's brain like intoxication.

Then, in a moment, Verity had hung his lantern from a branch, and had lifted and thrown back one, two, three boards—and lo! the mingled perfume of a world of flowers came up to us, so that we staggered and near swooned in the mere delight of inhaling it.

And we heard his voice murmuring, "Look down!"

Then I only know that over a plunging hollow in the ground, into which he swung his lantern for guidance to us, we bent our heads to gaze, and that, gazing we saw—what?

How can I describe, or shadow forth description even, of that vision? There was the scent, gushing forth in volume now, and something occupying the pit—something that might have been the materialised rapture of the perfume—a nameless inorganic body—a great sleek block of crystal which, in the fluttering light, threw out glints and spars of soundless inhuman music as a prism emits rays of colour.

Is speech adequate to convey this expression it attempts? How much less—how much less, indeed, even a faint description of the wonder within this wonder! For imbedded, whole and almost uninjured, in the heart of the slab, the crystal, was the figure of a naked child.

Such they seemed, and such I knew they were not. For the block was neither white nor violet, though these are the only hues of all to mention which in that divine connection seems the littler sacrilege. But it was of no colour that ever was before on the world or in the sea; and of a like unearthliness was the form which was windowed in its transparency.

This form, I can only insist, was of a beautiful pale child, sleeping, one might have thought, with closed

lids. Its dead limbs—for by that coarse adjective alone can I express the withdrawal of animate self-control from matter refined beyond our conceptions—were not flesh, but were rather such an ideal of it as evades an artist's supernatural vision the moment he handles his brush. Their colour was like spiritualised apple-blossoms; their texture, the texture of unburdened joy and happiness. Hair like the curl and caress of little whispering flames, thatched the large shut eyes with beauty. The arms—stretched out, as if he had fallen backwards and been so overwhelmed—were the pinions, so to speak, of a soft diaphanous web—a substance which in its loveliness was like those iridescent, opal jelly-fish which one sees mystically globed in the under waters of warm bays. This web appeared to proceed from his shoulders, and to be part of him, as if it were a certain condition of flight or movement.

The wonderful thing lay completely imbedded in the block with which it had fallen; but the little left hand was gone—for it had projected beyond the surface; and there was a scar to denote it.

Now, as I gazed, while Verity silently swung the lantern to and fro in the pit, I heard the boy whimpering at my shoulder; and suddenly the infinite pathos of the sight before me so wrought upon my human mood that I too found myself choking convulsively.

But in the very act, a shame of self-consciousness seized me, and I looked up at Verity and cried defiantly—

"It proves nothing but that there are other spheres of being—which we never doubted. Our concern is with the world—to proceed from it, to live and perish, and return to it. This is no token of a hereafter; but only that to die is not necessarily to be human."

My friend looked down upon me, his eyes large and sorrowful, but peaceful, in the lamplight.

"Need I answer you?" he said softly. "Your conscious scepticism is its own rebuke. The soul, the atmosphere, the loveliness which proceed from this fallen aërolite—ah! you know them and breathe them, and must acknowledge them."

"I acknowledge," I persisted, "that a wondrous phenomenon is presented to me. But I protest that because it is foreign to our experience, it is not of necessity the less a condition of some part of our system."

"Nor I," said Verity—"but a divine ordinance, nevertheless."

"No, no, Verity—no, no!"

He gave a sudden queer little cry—

"Blind, blind! Oh, believe me when I tell you!

This boy—this loveliness—this angel—who has passed, as you see him here, under conditions altogether uncomprehended of our remotest knowledge into yet another state towards the final achievement—this boy is, was, a human child, a little patient fellow of the streets, whose mangled body I myself carried to the hospital, and who died there in my arms ten years ago."

I know I gave out a hoarse protest.

"It is true," he said, "it is true. Should I not recognise him?"

His voice was shattered with emotion. He stooped towards the "Small Skipper," who lay stretched upon the soil, gazing—gazing down into the pit, and touched him on the shoulder.

"Will you help me?" he said. "I want to have it to the light—to lift it out—to carry it into the cottage."

The boy rose to his feet.

"Mr. Verity," he said—"yes, yes. But can we?"

"Come, and you shall see."

Together they leapt down into the hollow, beside the nameless thing. This had plunged into the ground to a depth of some five or six feet; and Verity, it appeared, had since wrought round it, toiling to remove the earth, so that now it lay cleansed and isolated.

I heard him say, in quick breathing gasps, "Stone! Magnesium! Meteoric iron! Is it this or that or anything in our experience? I have wrought on it with a crowbar. Not a flake splintered from its surface. Yet it is so light a child could heave it out of the pit."

As in a dream I saw them stoop, and in a moment rise again. Something—the perfume, a luminous haze—came up at me. In my wildness, beating down my ecstasy at its approach, madly striving to hold by the little formulae of life, I sprang back, covering my face with my hands.

There came a stunning slam in my brain—fire seemed to burst between my fingers, and thereafter was nothing, and still nothing, in endless terraces of night.

"Pomfret—is that you?"

"Yes, you beggar. Lie still!"

"Mayn't I have a gleam of light yet—just an accidental slit between the curtains to find my handkerchief by?"

"No, you mayn't."

"But I've lain in darkness three years—or three days—which is it? And there's no comfort in smoking when you don't see the smoke."

"Then put your pipe out."

"Smoke it out you mean. And you'll give me a trickle of light just to shame the doctors?"

"I won't. Don't be an ass! At any rate, I'm not going to be one."

I sighed through a long pause.

"Pomfret?"

"Yes?"

"Have they buried those two poor fellows?"

"Now, shut up! Yes. They're underground."

"Struck by lightning, eh? To kill two and spare one! Nature shows a most detestable partiality. And there was no aërolite?"

"I've told you fifty times. The stuff is all the froth of your delirium. There were nothing but three fools—Heaven save the other two—who stood under a tree in a thunderstorm."

"But there was the scent?"

"Blow the scent!"

And with that exclamation I must close. For truly it was a scent that only the "spectre hound" could follow.

THE END.

THE MOVEMENT AGAINST ROUGH FOOTBALL IN AMERICA: TRANSATLANTIC TACKLING PRACTICE.

DRAWN BY W. RUSSELL FLINT.



PRACTISING RUGBY TACKLING WITH A RUNNING DUMMY.

The dummy is slung to a gallows-like erection, and is made to travel at right-angles to the runner, who throws himself upon it, and if he gets a successful grip, catches it. Since young Roosevelt was badly mauled in a football-match there has been a movement in America against the game, and Columbia University has banned it. Last Saturday Mr. Roosevelt went to a match in order to see for himself whether the game should be allowed to remain among permissible American sports.

OUR SPECIAL ARTIST'S SKETCHES OF THE PRINCE'S VISIT TO INDORE.

SKETCHES BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN INDIA



SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF THE VISIT TO INDORE.

The chief interest centred in the veiled figure of the Begum of Bhopal, the only ruling woman in India. In accordance with the laws of female seclusion, the utmost care had to be taken that no eye of man should fall on the Begum. The way to her carriage was closely draped with curtains.

LADIES' PAGES.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

Messrs. Benson, both in their City premises, 62, Ludgate Hill, and their fine West-End establishment, 25, Old Bond Street, are making a large display of jewellery at all prices. It is a pleasure to see the beautiful things in such well-appointed rooms; but for those unable to pay a personal visit there is an illustrated catalogue available. There is a special opportunity on show at Messrs. Benson's at present, at the Bond Street establishment, where the stock of a large manufacturing

as we illustrate; it is a self-recording barometer. They make self-recording thermometers which mark the lowest temperature touched during a night's frost. Their perfect meteorological instruments, indeed, play a considerable part in science, and interest everybody who cares about such matters.

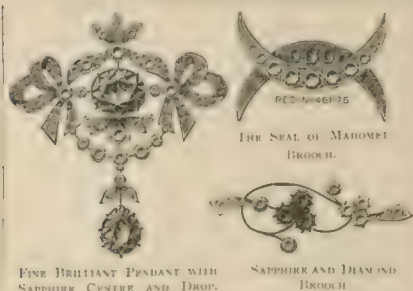


THE SELF-RECORDING BAROMETER.
Messrs. Negretti and Zambra

From Mr. Hamilton, of "The White House," Portrush, Ireland, comes a charmingly got-up catalogue of the gifts of that well-known and enterprising depot for Irish manufacturers. From Irish homespun to Irish lace—from Irish linens to bridal robes in Irish poplin—there is variety enough in this catalogue for every taste. "The White House" will send goods on receipt of price, absolutely returnable if not satisfactory: no question is raised, but the money is returned as soon as the goods are sent back unused; so that orders can be safely sent by post after studying the catalogue. But "The White House" has little doubt of the goods being satisfactory, for nobody once seeing them can doubt that they are both of the finest quality and excellent value for the price in every case. Irish laces are, of course, at present the "tip-top" of fashion, and "The White House" has a very large selection. What is called "Clones" lace is the Irish crochet that is so much used on good gowns; while the "Youghal" is a lace that can challenge comparison with Venetian point. Handkerchiefs are another leading line.

Messrs. Parkins and Gatto are perhaps the oldest and most famous firm of toy-dealers in London, and from

Messrs. S. Smith and Son, 9, Strand, close to Charing Cross Station, are specialists in watches, holding first-class certificates from the Government testing-place at Kew and many exhibition honours; and they have made a number of exceptional timekeepers for connoisseurs in all parts of the world. They have also devised a successful motor speed-indicator, which has been adopted by the King and all the leading votaries of the car. Messrs. Smith and Son have also a good supply of jewellery, both new and second-hand, and a neat catalogue of Christmas gifts of either sort will be forwarded on application. The prices are remarkably moderate. A very effective tiara, which can also be used as a necklet, of diamonds and rubies is offered at the phenomenal price of £31 10s.,



FINE BRILLIANT PENDANT WITH
SAPPHIRE CENTRE AND DROP.

THE SEAL OF MAHOMET
BROOCH.

SAPPHIRE AND DIAMOND
BROOCH.

Messrs. J. W. Benson

jeweller is being offered at a big discount from the original wholesale prices. This stock includes diamonds of the finest quality set in every sort of ornament. In the list there are a number of moderately priced articles of which the pendant illustrated is an example; this finely set example of diamonds with sapphires costs but a few shillings. A large and fine piece of also makes a offered for hundred illustrate also novel diamonds. a curiously is in the form of the oldest "talisman," or luck-bringer, in the world, the ancient Egyptian symbol of life, which the gods are often seen in the hieroglyphs and inscriptions giving to their son the Pharaoh. The other is a double crescent, "the Seal of Mahomet." A gold bead necklace is another charming novelty, looking



"SYMBOL OF LIFE" BROOCH
IN DIAMONDS.
Messrs. J. W. Benson.



BRILLIANT "CAR" BROOCH.

THE NEW "OUTFITTER" DIAMOND
BROOCH.

Messrs. J. W. Benson

equally well on fur in the day and on laces at night. The "Motor-car" and the "Outline" jockey and horse brooches and the small diamond and sapphire one are not expensive. Messrs. Benson accept payment on the instalment system, the jewels being handed to the purchaser on receipt of the first instalment of the price.

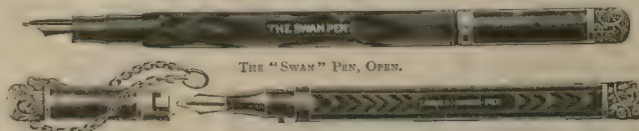
Messrs. Drew and Sons, whose fine premises stand, so to speak, at the very central point of London—the corner of Piccadilly, looking into the Circus, are specialists in dressing-bag and travelling-case manufacture, their wholly English-made articles of this class being ordered from all parts of the world.



NEW "MOTOR" LUNCHEON AND TEA BASKET.
Messrs. Drew and Sons.

firm introduced, and which contain several of their patent devices. The latest idea is the subject of our illustration—"Drew's Motor Tea and Lunch Basket." It is made either long or square to suit the space in the motor, and quite flat, so as to slip in out of the way; yet in its limited space are compactly packed all the needful fittings for tea and lunch for six people. Wonderful is the cleverness with which it is all arranged! If additional provisions are required, small baskets can be had holding two or three tin cases, and fitting any shaped space in the car to order.

Messrs. Negretti and Zambra, one of the oldest established and most reliable firms of opticians and instrument-makers in London, show at their fully stocked premises at the corner of Holborn Viaduct many articles of a kind highly acceptable as gifts. A thermometer ought to be found in every room, and this firm have these in many ornamental as well as strictly utilitarian forms. Barometers, opera or field glasses, spectacles and eye-glasses in every form, cases to hold them, and many dainty gifts are exhibited at this well-known house. Messrs. Negretti and Zambra make a speciality of such instruments



THE "SWAN" PEN, OPEN.

"SWAN" PEN IN LADIES' CHATELAINE HOLDER.—Messrs. Maile, Todd, and Bard.

sufficient to write continuously for many hours. The pen itself is a real nib, and this can be chosen to suit any hand. For ordinary use the "Swan" Fountain Pen is put out in a black vulcanite holder, but to make a more splendid present, one in a silver or gold holder can be purchased.



FOR FIVE
GUINEAS.

LOUIS XV
DESIGN IN
BRILLIANTS.

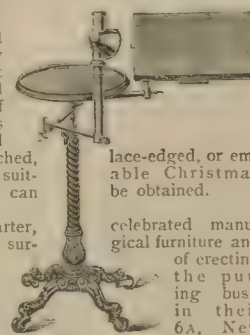
AMETHYST
AND
DIAMOND.

PEARL AND
DIAMOND.

Messrs. S. Smith and Son.

for instance. A novelty is a charmingly finished and modelled Daimler motor-car brooch, the body sapphires, the rest brilliants and gold. We illustrate three pairs of the fashionable earrings, one a pair of brilliant "Empire" festoon earrings; and a remarkably cheap and dainty little ring, five rows of gems, costing only five guineas.

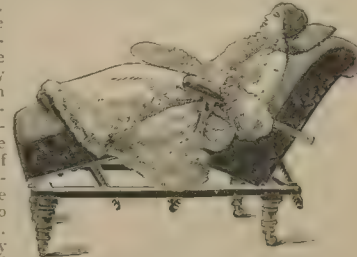
Messrs. Walpole Brothers, of 89, New Bond Street, and Kensington High Street, are themselves manufacturers of the Irish linens that they sell. In Ireland they employ an entire village in the weaving and bleaching of their fine linen goods, and cottage women in hundreds depend upon the embroidering work given them by Messrs. Walpole. The firm's table linen, household plenishings, embroidered cushion-covers, table-centres and bedspreads, and daintily soft towels, all suggest themselves as useful gifts, while their stock of ladies' and gentlemen's handkerchiefs, in all varieties, plain, hemstitched, brodered, form a most suit-offering. A catalogue can



THE LITERARY
MACHINE.
Messrs. J. and A. Carter.

Messrs. J. and A. Carter, manufacturers of invalid and surgical appliances, are in course of a fine new building for poses of their ever-growing business. They are still long-established home, Cavendish Street, Port and it is on an adjacent the left frontage in Street and the right frontage in Great Portland Street, that the new block of buildings is being prepared, when the address will be 2-6, New Cavendish Street. Here can be obtained every appliance that can soothe the invalid's trials. The catalogue, showing every sort of goods of this description, many of them patents of Mr. J. Carter's and unobtainable elsewhere, can be had. It begins with an imposing list of royal and other distinguished purchasers.

Besides the invalid appliances, there are many articles on this list delightfully conducive to the comfort of healthy persons. We illustrate two such articles. The "Literary Machine" supports a book at any height or angle desired, and makes reading in bed or at the fireside alike comfortable. The adjustable couch, luxuriously stuffed, places the body in any position that may be required for health and ease.



COMFORTABLE ADJUSTABLE CHAIR.
Messrs. J. and A. Carter.

A long-continuing benefit is conferred by the gift of one of the pretty cases in which "Scrubbs' Ammonia" is put up for forwarding by post or rail. The freshness given to a warm bath by the addition of some of this agreeable and most useful preparation, and the help it renders in effecting all descriptions of delicate cleansing processes—enabling a lady to wash her own fine laces and filmy handkerchiefs in her room, for instance—is equalled by its utility in all sorts of general household work, washing paint, marble, etc. The soap is of the purest quality, too: "Scrubbs' Ammonia Soap" softens hard water and improves the complexion. A single bottle or a few cakes of the soap can be bought everywhere, but the name "Scrubbs" must always be looked for.

Messrs. Hedges and Butler, of 155, Regent Street, have held the royal appointment as wine-merchants in England for over a century past, and still have that

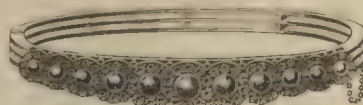
honour; it is therefore quite natural that our new Allies, the wise Japanese, have selected the same entirely reliable and long-established firm to supply wines and spirits to the Emperor of Japan. In doing so, characteristic good sense has been shown by the Emperor's representatives, as Messrs. Hedges and Butler stand, without question, at the highest point in their branch of commerce, not merely in respect of probity, but also, what in a wine-merchant is fully as important, in knowledge, experience, and skill in their dealings. Their vast cellars, extending far under Regent Street, are one of the sights of London, which they will with pleasure show, and are admirably cool and dry. A bottle or a case of any preferred variety of wines or spirits, or of one of the numerous delicious liqueurs or *apéritifs* prepared or dealt in by the firm, makes a highly-appreciated gift.

"Palatial" is the only word that accurately describes the premises of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, 112, Regent Street; and the stock that is there enshrined is worthy of a corresponding adjective, so sumptuous and splendid are the jewels that are on show. Let it be quite understood, at the same time, that the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company's stock is

not confined by any means to costly pieces of jewellery; quite to the contrary—they have a far larger display of trinkets at low prices, combined with good taste and good value, than can be found anywhere else. No matter what is the character of the present that you are seeking, be it a simple lace-pin or jewelled brooch, a bracelet (one of the most popular forms of ornament, now that sleeves are so short), a necklet of gems, a pendant *négligé* on a platinum chain, or a ring—and whether you

desire a plain gold trinket, or one set with the cheaper semi-precious gems, or want a fine diamond or two, or a perfect pearl or other stone set in your gift—you will certainly find so large a stock here presented that the only difficulty is to choose amongst so much that is equally charming. This Company manufacturing all their own goods, there is but one profit to pay, and the prices are as unusually moderate for the quality as the things shown are desirable. At the same time, there is a great white velvet-lined showcase, in which blaze gems worth a king's ransom. Diamonds, pearls, rubies, and turquoises of the finest quality are there set as tiaras, as collars, strings and ropes of the finest pearls, as necklaces that can be transformed into several brooches or into a coronet at will. There are pendants and bracelets and pins, set with brilliants, or specimen opals with fire

in their hearts, rich rubies and rare translucent emeralds. Then there is an equally full supply of ornaments in every shade of price, in between these superb jewels, and the small trinkets which are within the means of the most modest purse that stretches wide enough for buying jewellery at all. There are some extremely pretty ornaments set with the coloured fancy gems that are just at present "all the rage." Graceful design and happy colour combinations are the "note" of these dainty bits of jewellery, each of which is an individual possession with its own artistic quality. There are *négligé* pendants, for instance, set at the two loose falling ends with a pink topaz and a pale-green peridot respectively, while the centre is an amethyst; or the sea-green aquamarine in companionship with the jacinth and the golden topaz. Brooches, too, are set with these same many-coloured stones that make such rich and artistic combinations. Enamel adds yet further depths of colour, and we have specimens at our command at 112, Regent Street that fully equal in



A DIAMOND AND PEARL BRACELET.
Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company.

beauty and originality the designs that Benvenuto Cellini made for Medici Duchesses, now procurable here at comparatively small cost. Pendants are there, too, directly reproduced from antique designs; they are exactly copied from the Louvre, from old Spanish pieces, and from Italian museums. An effective ornament is in the form of a moth, the wings in enamel of delicate shades, finished with tiny points of rubies and diamonds and emeralds. The date "1905" in diamonds, with a green or pale-blue enamel line surrounding the figures, and with pearls at the corners, is excellent for a gift, costing but £6, and, if there are two or more sisters to remember, to choose different colours of enamel makes each brooch distinctive. In several of these trinkets there is just the shade of diversity that meets such a case—distinction without difference. Some tiny lace-brooches of closely-set brilliants with different-coloured stones at choice round the border, form another example of this choice; and these are delightful ornaments worthy of any lady's acceptance. There is an assortment of inexpensive and nice-looking bracelets also; flexible chains differently patterned and adorned with stones for the most part. A "Good Luck" bangle, the letters set on the chain being made alternately in pearls and turquoises, costs but £4 15s.; or a spray of pearls and turquoises on the centre of the chain is the same price. Olivine and amethyst set round a chain is pretty, and so is a bracelet of graduated sizes of amethyst set all round the arm with pearls between each of the purple stones. Bracelets begin from thirty shillings, while dainty and pretty brooches are all prices from under a pound; a charming round one of frosted gold leaves set with pearls and turquoises, the very thing for several girls at Christmas, or for bridesmaids, is actually only twenty-five shillings. Coral bead necklaces of uncommon polish and charm of tint are here; and rings, and charms, and long muff-chains—a most extensive choice of everything. There is a unique display of genuine antique clocks, and watches and clocks of modern make; while silver articles of all sorts, from a pencil-

case to a mess-table centre-piece, are all to be seen in these beautiful and well-stocked rooms at 112, Regent Street. But if one cannot possibly go there, the beautiful catalogue should be written for; and both therein and on the labels of the articles themselves at the shop, plain figures are used for marking everything. The e are no two prices. Our illustrations are a beautiful diamond and pearl necklace with single stones set all round the chain—this forms a tiara at will; a pearl and diamond bracelet, the firm band being

best when the top setting is so heavy, as a chain slips round on the arm; a horseshoe brooch in the new "calibrée" setting, in diamonds and rubies; and two pins for the scarf.

NOTES.

Three ladies have been placed upon the Royal Commission that is to sit to inquire into the working of the Poor-law. This is the result of an appeal influentially signed under the auspices of the Women's Local Government Society and presented to Mr. Balfour. It would have been quite an anomaly for the Commission to have no lady members, as for a long time past women have taken an active part in the administration of the Poor-law as members of Boards of Guardians.

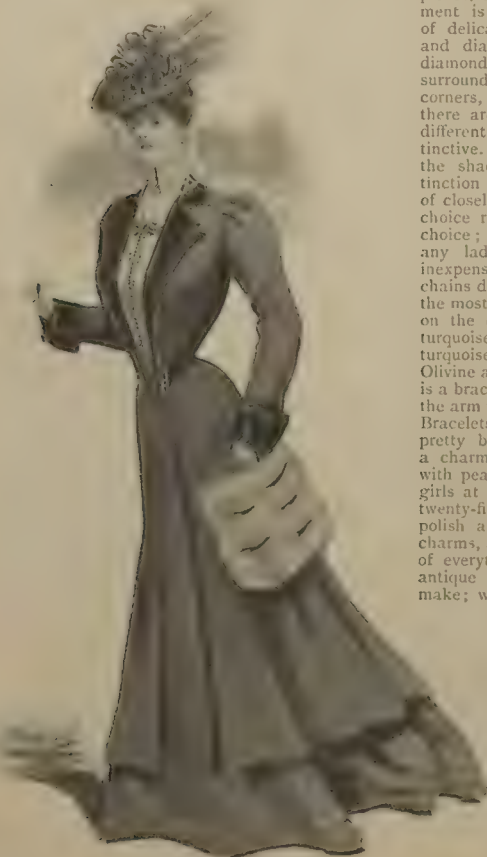
There are over a thousand lady-members of these Boards at present, and their work is generally appreciated by their fellow-members. The veteran Miss Louisa Twining, one of the first women to take up this public work, has written an exceedingly interesting account of her experiences, and if anybody wishes to read some sound sense on the topic, that little book will repay perusal.

Miss Twining observes that the lady-members are by no means sentimentalists in their administration; and that when unjustifiable applications for relief are made, it is often the woman on the Board who is most alive to the fact that relief given when it ought not to be is a cruel wrong to the industrious and independent poor. One of the three ladies appointed on the Commission, Mrs. Sidney Webb, is an avowed Socialist, as is her husband, who is on the London County Council. Another of the three, Miss Octavia Hill, is the lady who, with Mr. Ruskin's assistance, regenerated certain slums of London, and showed practically how the poor can be helped to reform their habits. The third, Mrs. Dosanquet, has studied and written upon the Poor-law, so comes prepared for her investigation. The time should be ripe for the Commission, for the cost of the relief of the poor has been enormously increased during recent years; and yet every winter the air teems with appeals couched in such terms that there might be no State provision available for the poor in case of sickness and destitution.

FILOMENA.



RUBY AND DIAMOND "CALIBRÉE" BROOCH.
Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company.



A CLOTH GOWN.

A useful dress in face-cloth, with revers and cuffs of velvet, and vest trimmed with buttons.



THE FASHION IN EVENING DRESS.

The fashionable "Empire" style is shown, expressed in white satin, with bolero of purple lace edged with velvet.

"ALL FOR NORWAY": KING HAAKON TAKES THE OATH OF FEALTY TO HIS COUNTRY.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEN FROM A SKETCH BY E. ALF. FOR SPECIAL ARTIST AT COPENHAGEN.

Prince Henry of Prussia.

Mr. Michelsen.

King. Queen.

Mr. Berner.



THE SCENE IN THE STORTING DURING THE TAKING OF THE OATH BY THE NEW KING OF NORWAY, NOVEMBER 27.

The King, who was accompanied by Queen Maud, wore the uniform of a Norwegian General and the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Olaf. On the right of the throne stood the Ministers, and behind them were the principal officers of the Army and Navy. President Berner, who stood facing the King, administered the oath, whereby Haakon VII. swore to govern Norway in accordance with its Constitution and Laws.

THE FIRST CHURCHGOING OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF NORWAY IN THEIR NEW KINGDOM.

DRAWN BY W. RUSSELL FLINT FROM A SKETCH BY E. ABBO, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN CHRISTIANIA.



THE STATE SERVICE IN THE CATHEDRAL IN CHRISTIANIA ON THE FIRST SUNDAY OF THE NEW REIGN.

On November 26 King Haakon and Queen Maud attended Divine service in the cathedral church of Our Saviour at Christiania. Their Majesties occupied a canopied pew in the gallery, and there were present in the cathedral the members of the Storting and all the high officials of the realm.

THE PRINCE'S HALTING PLACES ON DECEMBER 5-10.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EXCLUSIVE NEWS AGENCY AND WHITMAN AND OTHERS.



MOUNTAIN TEMPLE AT JAMMU.



RUINS NEAR JAMMU.

DURING the present week the Prince of Wales visits the extreme North-west of India, and takes part in the big military display which Lord Kitchener has organised for the manoeuvres at Rawal Pindi. Rawal Pindi is the great military station east of the Indus which was fortified some time ago as the best position for a final stand if an invading army succeeded in forcing the Khyber and occupying Peshawur. It is an important railway junction, the main line from Lahore continuing to the Indus at Attock, while a southern branch reaches that river



THE MAHARAJAH OF JAMMU AND KASHMIR.

defence of the frontier, more especially at Gilgit and in Hunza. Almost the last act of Lord Curzon was to invest this chief with full ruling powers. During the Mutiny, the Kashmir ruler showed his loyalty, and helped us with a useful Dogra contingent. The Sikhs of Kashmir are distinguished from those of the Punjab under the name of "Dogras." They are very good fighters, and can stand the cold of Afghanistan better than their kinsmen of the plains. The Maharajah, in being present at the camp at Rawal Pindi, gives further proof of his loyalty as



THE OFFICERS' CLUB AT RAWAL PINDI.

at Kohatgarh. The recent creation of the Frontier Province with its capital at Peshawur, the bridging of the Indus at Attock and the continuation of the railway to the Khyber with a line now in progress through the pass, and the perception of the truth that our real defensive policy in India is to take the offensive against any advancing enemy, have all tended to diminish the importance of Rawal Pindi.

The State of Jammu and Kashmir forms the salient-angle of the Indian frontier to the north. Its beautiful valley is famous, and has been sung by Tom Moore as well as the poets of the East. It is ruled by a Maharajah who is of Sikh extraction. He has governed his State well for many years, and his Imperial service troops take an important part in the



THE GARRISON CHURCH (CHURCH OF ENGLAND) AT RAWAL PINDI.



THE MALL OF RAWAL PINDI, TWO MILES LONG.

well as of his interest in military matters, as the collection of troops will be on a larger scale than has yet been seen in India.

Of Peshawur, our great station and town west of the Indus, it is unnecessary to say much because it is so well known. It became British in 1849, with the annexation of the Punjab, and it is now the administrative capital of the Frontier Province which was detached from the Punjab a few years ago. In former days it was long a bone of contention between the Sikhs and the Afghans, and it is not a hundred years since an Afghan ruler gave audience there to a British envoy, Mr. Mountstuart Elphinstone. All this has been changed by the firm consolidation of the Pax Britannica.



A STREET SCENE IN JAMMU.



PESHAWUR: THE HALT OF A CARAVAN.

A LIFE-SIZE PHOTOGRAPH OF THE FIRST LIVE HUMMING-BIRD TO REACH ENGLAND.

PHOTOGRAPH BY LASCELLES.



THE HUMMING-BIRD AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

The humming-bird which has just been placed in the Zoological Gardens is the first that has ever reached England alive. It is the only survivor of five that were sent from South America. On its arrival at Southampton it was nearly dead, and lay on its back helpless. It was placed, however, between two hot-water pipes, and revived sufficiently to be brought to London. At the "Zoo" it is kept in a cage within a heated glass case. The humming-bird is now wonderfully lively, and will probably become acclimatised.

Only New Zealand players mentioned—

MacGibbon (Three-quarter Back).

O'Sullivan.

Newton. Hunter (Five-eighth).

Tyler.

Glasgow.

Gallagher (Winger).

Stead (Five-eighth).

Roberts.

Gillett (Back).

Dean (Three-quarter Back).



THE "ALL BLACKS" AGAINST ENGLAND: THE NEW ZEALANDERS' VICTORY AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE, DECEMBER 2.

DRAWN BY ERNEST PRATER.

The New Zealanders played their third test match on the Crystal Palace grounds, which the recent rain had turned into a swamp. The game was not particularly brilliant, and the Colonial team won easily by 15 points to nil, thus bringing up their total for the whole tour to 700 points against 22. The only comfort for the losers was the somewhat barren one that the New Zealanders' score was not quite so high as usual. About 50,000 people watched the game.

OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA.

DRAWN BY S. BEGO, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN INDIA.



THE BRITISH PRINCESS AND THE OLD INDIAN GODS: THE PRINCESS OF WALES BEFORE THE TRIAD, THE COLOSSAL FIGURES OF BRAHMA, VISHNU, AND SIVA, IN THE CAVES OF ELEPHANTA.

In the Island of Elephanta, near Bombay, is a remarkable series of caverns and rock-hewn temples. One of the most wonderful of the colossal group of the gods of Hinduism is that representing Brahma, Siva, and Vishnu. This temple is still used for festivals in honour of Siva.

OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA: A BOMBAY CEREMONY.

DRAWN BY S. BRagg, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN INDIA.



PARSEE AND HINDU LADIES AND CHILDREN FLINGING GOLD AND SILVER AND FLOWERS AT THE PRINCESS'S FEET.

As the Princess went up the steps of the Bombay Town Hall for the municipal reception, Hindu and Parsee ladies and children strewed flowers and gold and silver in her path. The Hindu children wore head-nets made of silver and had their hair done in pig-tails interwoven with flowers. Their robes were of brocade. The Parsee children wore European shoes and stockings.

THE ROYAL FAMILY OF ITALY: A RIDING PARTY.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, Dec. 9, 1905—866



KING VICTOR EMMANUEL AND QUEEN ELENA, THEIR DAUGHTERS, AND THE HEIR TO THE ITALIAN THRONE.

The eldest child of the King and Queen of Italy is the Princess Yolande; the second is Princess Mafalda. The heir to the crown is now rather more than a year old, and, although he is not yet so great a horseman as his father, he already rides his own donkey.

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—Sir CHAS. CAMERON, C.B., M.D., Ex-President of the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland.

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RESTORES, STRENGTHENS, BEAUTIFIES, AND PROMOTES THE GROWTH OF THE HAIR.

Prevents its Falling Off and Turning Grey. The World-Renowned Cure for Baldness.

UNDER ROYAL PATRONAGE AND SUPPLIED DIRECT TO

H.M. THE QUEEN OF GREECE.
H.I.H. THE GRAND DUCHESS GEORGE OF RUSSIA.
H.R.H. PRINCESS HOHENLOHE.
H.R.H. THE CROWN PRINCE OF GREECE.
H.H. PRINCESS WINDISCHGRAETZ.

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF SPARTA.
H.I.H. THE GRAND DUCHESS OF MECKLENBURG-SCHWERIN.
H.I.H. PRINCE GEORGE OF GREECE.
H.I.H. PRINCESS DI SIPINO.
PRINCESS ANNA HOHENLOHE, &c.

Mrs. LANGTRY

writes: "Previous to my using 'Harlene' my hair had become brittle and was falling off. I have used your preparation daily for 18 months, and my hair is quite restored. I cannot recommend 'Harlene' too highly."

Miss MABEL LOVE

writes: "I find 'Harlene' a most excellent preparation for improving the quality and quantity of the hair, and shall be pleased to recommend it to my friends."

Miss JULIA NEILSON

writes: "I am at present trying your 'Harlene' for my hair, and find it one of the best hair tonics and restorers I have ever used, and I tried many."

Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH

writes: "I am very much interested in the qualities of 'Harlene'. It is most refreshing and invigorating, and I have found it very stimulating to the growth of my hair."

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(The Illustrated London News, December 9, 1905)

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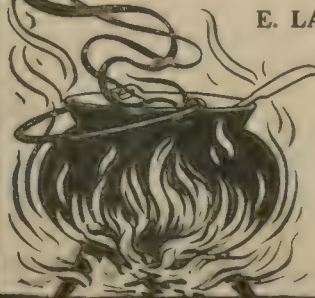
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40 Varieties—One Quality only—the Best.

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LONDON, ENGLAND.



MUSIC.

ANTONIN DVORAK—CONCERTS—OPERA.

When the writer was a little boy, not yet in his teens, he was taken to hear a Bohemian musician whose work had made a great and sudden stir in England; and among the half-forgotten sights and sounds now part of childish memories are the vast gathering at the Albert Hall, the overwhelming enthusiasm for the music. The foreign composer thus honoured was Antonin Dvorak; the work was the "Stabat Mater." Since that day the great Bohemian's music has been to the writer "all a wonder and a great desire," and it has seemed a pity to forget that we had lost the work in this country. Last Saturday the Queen's Hall Orchestra gave the Fifth Symphony in E Minor; it was written in the early 'nineties, when Dr. Dvorak had accepted the post of Musical Director of the Conservatoire in New York. Many people hold, and perhaps rightly, that America is without serious music, and point out that she even lacks the folk-songs that are in other countries the foundation of the national musical art, but the United States have certain melodies that may be said to pass current as folk-music, and some of these are used in Dr. Dvorak's Fifth Symphony as only he can use them. No composer has such a wonderful instinct for orchestral variation. Perhaps no one who is equally happy with a full orchestra is more distinctly limited, despite great gifts, when writing choral music or work for strings alone. The secret of the Bohemian musician's diversity is not hard to find in a technical aspect, lying, as it does, in his treatment of the chromatic scale as proper medium for modulation. It is to him what the diatonic scale is to every other of the great composers, and by his skill and daring he

achieves results that many masters of polyphony would hesitate to attempt. Mr. Henry Wood secured a beautiful rendering of the "New World" Symphony, though he seemed to make the linked sweetness of the second movement too long drawn out. It may be remarked here that Dr. Dvorak's "Spectre Bride" will be given to-day

reserve, Signor Busoni's remarkable playing deserved the response it received.

Among other concerts that call for mention is one given by Mr. and Mrs. Hobday at the Eolian Hall, at which a new and interesting sonata written by a young Russian composer, Alexander Winkler, for viola and

piano, was given very happily. In the same concert hall the Misses Sassard have given the second of their pleasant recitals. They have taste and fine feeling to aid voices that possess natural charm. Lovers of Scottish music have been flattered at the Albert and Queen's Halls, where special concerts, advertised as "Scotch Nights," have been given.

Although the expenses of the autumn season at Covent Garden have been very heavy, there is no reason to believe that the promoters are dissatisfied with the results. The public response has been generous, the weather kind, and the new singers have realised all hopes. We are not likely to hear Zenatello again in the spring, because he doubles Caruso's rôle, but it is likely that Signora Giachetti and Signor Battistini will come back. The public appreciation of Signor Puccini's work has been very noticeable. "Madame Butterfly" has not failed once to draw a very big house, "La Bohème" is always a safe attraction, while "La Tosca," in which Madame Giachetti is perhaps at her best, is very close to the other two in favour.



THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT BOMBAY: AN OFFICIAL GROUP.

(Dec. 9) at the Crystal Palace. Concerning the rest of last Saturday's attractive concert, it only remains to say that Busoni did all that virtuoso could to make Liszt's second pianoforte concerto interesting, and, in return for an overwhelming assurance of popular favour, gave yet another of the master's works, a difficult arrangement of a Schubert march, written for four hands. To the full extent that virtuosity may be praised without

time softening and perfuming the water used for toilet purposes. It is sold in half-crown boxes containing small tablets; a quarter of one of these thrown into a large basin full of water, or one or two into a bath, imparts to it a delicious odour, which clings agreeably to the skin for some time. The water is also softened by this means, and made more cleansing and beneficial to the complexion.

Christmas Presents in Jewellery

at Manufacturers' Cash Prices.

Fine Gold, Enamel, and Pearl Blouse Pins, complete in Lizard Skin Case, £3 12s. 6d.

Pendant, forming Brooch, £4 15s.

Patent Sleeve Cuffs, perfecting Gold, £1 17s. 6d. per pair.

Fine Diamond Pendant, £12 15s.

Set of Four Amethyst and Pearl Blouse Pins, in Morocco Case, £1 17s. 6d.

Selections Forwarded on Approval

Fine Sapphire and Diamond Ruby and Diamond, £10

Fine Gold and Platinum Flexible Bracelet, with Diamond and Ruby Horseshoe, £18 10s.

Fine Gold Moss thought and Mistletoe Brooch, with Pearl Berries, £1 5s.

Xmas Novelty List Post Free.

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Fine Pearl and Amethyst Shamrock Brooch, £3 15s.

Fine Onyx Blood-stone or Jade Frog Coat Links, with Gold Bead Centres, £2.

Fine Diamond and Enamel Shoe on Gold Safety Pin, £4 5s.

Platinum Chain Buckle, forming Brooch, £18 10s.



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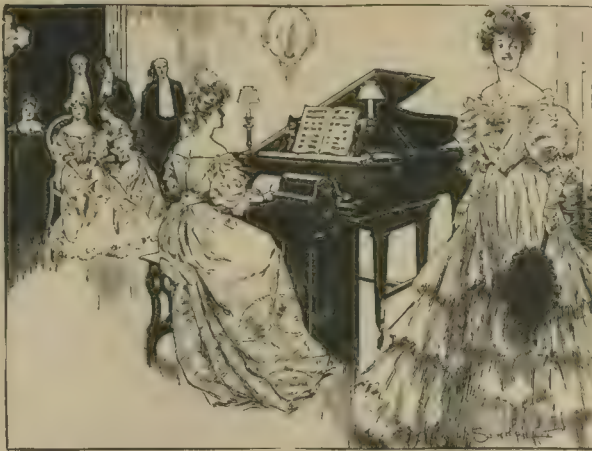
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WHAT MUSTARD DOES.

Probably nine persons out of ten would claim that the use of Condiments in the daily dietary is merely a matter of taste, and that vinegar, Mustard or oil is used with one viand and not with another simply because it is palatable in the one case and not in the other. While this is true to some extent, it is equally true that Condiments are chosen to accompany those foods to the proper digestion of which they are best adapted. Vinegar, for instance, is known to soften the hard fibre of both meat and vegetables, and hence renders such foods as crab, lobster, salmon, cabbage and walnuts less tough and more digestible.

It is necessary, of course, to eat to live, and while "hunger is the best sauce," it is often necessary that the appetite shall be artificially stimulated in order that the body may receive the necessary nourishment to perform its daily functions. This, then, is the first duty of a Condiment, to whet and sharpen the appetite. And no Condiment does this so thoroughly as good Mustard. This fact accounts in some measure for the universality of its use, by all classes and conditions of men, throughout the civilised world.

Most men are, however, governed in their choice of foods almost entirely by the question of taste—they eat what they like and call for what they fancy. Nature has wisely provided that man, in common with other animals, shall evince a desire, to a large extent at least, for those foods which are most beneficial to him. But even these are made more palatable both by the method of cooking and the auxiliary help of Condiments. Where the latter disguise or destroy the flavour of the food, the benefit is very dubious; but where, as in the case of the best Mustard, they enhance and bring out the flavour of the meat or fish, the meal becomes not only enjoyable but of decided value.

But it is only the food that is digested and assimilated that does any good. The sharpened appetite and the palatable food supply the stomach and digestive organs with the necessary ingredients to turn into blood, bone, muscle, nerve and flesh. Some foods are much more easily digested than others; some organisms are less ready to carry out the digestive functions than others. Any Condiment that will readily assist in digestion and assimilation as well as quicken the appetite and make for palatability, may be considered a perfect Condiment.

And that is just what thoroughly good Mustard does. The stimulating effect of a Mustard plaster is well enough known. On a much smaller scale, of course, the Mustard taken as a Condiment with the food stimulates the action of the digestive organs and promotes digestion by exciting the flow of the various digestive secretions. So that those who habitually use Mustard, simply because they like it, are building better than they know, and are following Nature's lead in selecting that which is best adapted for their health and nourishment.

It only remains to be said that while such meats as ham and pork are practically impossible without Mustard, and that the use of Mustard with beef is general, there is no reason whatever why Mustard should not be used as well with mutton, salt fish, cheese and other foods. Custom alone has hitherto stood in the way, but as the merits of Mustard become better known, the number of its devotees with all kinds of fish, flesh and fowl are becoming greater, with the result that good digestion waits on appetite and health on both.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS FOR GIRLS.

How good it is to be young is a fact recognised by grown-ups any month of the year. The home-sick boy going off to school in January may have doubts about it; the small girl wearing her big sister's summer-frocks cut down may not agree quite heartily; but at Christmas-tide no one questions the truth of it for a moment. Christmas was instituted (if one may be allowed the expression) by the young for the young; and even publishers recognise the fact that at this season "the young person" is "the public" and must be catered for. At Christmas, therefore, the "young persons" come into their own, undoubtedly, and each year "their own" seems better worth coming into.

The stack of books for girls now before us gives comforting proof that again we may welcome a band



ELPHINSTONE COLLEGE IN LINES OF LIGHT

of writers beloved of every girl who loves a book; and their wares are, as ever, wholesome as the custard-pudding of the nursery dinner, and far more exciting.

From Mrs. Meade, our veteran writer for girls, we are glad to see more than one fat volume, and in "Wilful Cousin Kate" (Chambers) she bears off laurels even from her former self. It is the story of two girls—plump, good-tempered Molly, the daughter of a Harley Street doctor; and Kate, her cousin, who comes to live with her for a while. Kate is passionately devoted to the invalid mother she is forced to leave; she is brave, too, and honourable; but, like Kate the Shrew of Shakspeare's play, she is "difficult" in her temper. Everyday London life and life abroad are brightly depicted, and with its incident, plot, and development of character, the story is one which is safe to meet with an enthusiastic welcome. "Dumps: A Plain Girl" (Chambers) is another story by the same writer. Plain girls, indeed, are rather



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prominent this season, for in "Rosamond's Girls," by M. Bramston (S.P.C.K.), and in "A Queer Child," by Linnie Edwards (S.P.C.K.), the small heroines are also plain. Dumps is the daughter of an unpractical Professor, and an unexpected step-mother is the main cause of Dumps's trials. But girls will delight in the account of the Professor's shopping for his daughter when she is going a-visiting, and they will revel in the contrast of the shopping of the step-mother and the charming things which happened after. Both Dumps and Ellys, the heroine of "Rosamond's Girls," read and enjoy the works of Miss Yonge. Ellys was determined to make herself disliked, but her contrariness clears up in the end, and she is welcomed home by parents who had been tried almost past endurance. Barbie, "The Queer Child," is a well-meaning little



THE HIGH COURT, BOMBAY, ILLUMINATED.

village girl who also has an unfortunate temper and conquers it.

Another writer who is sure of a welcome is Miss Ethel Turner. Her new volume, "A White Roof Tree" (Ward, Lock), is one containing several stories, all marked by that easy homeliness and pretty vivacity which we now know so well. Her tale of the five orphans who, after seven months of separation suddenly decide that they cannot bear it any longer but will live in a tent among the gum-trees, is entirely fascinating and an adventure in itself.

For those prudent grown-ups who prefer to leaven the lump of delight with an admixture of education, old, trusty friends have prepared stories of real times and happenings. Few know better than Miss Eliza Pollard how to weld the real with the imaginary; she never cheats her girl-readers into a chronicle of dry facts only, and in "The Old Moat Farm" (Blackie) we have a volume of romance of the right sort. It is a tale of

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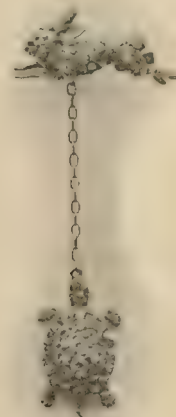
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Queen Elizabeth's time, and the little hero and heroine nephew and niece of poor Lady Jane Grey, are taken secretly from the Tower by a country farmer and his wife, to save them from a direful death, and are brought up at the Moat Farm. The boy, in time, sails away with Sir Walter Raleigh, is captured by Indians, and meets Pocahontas. The girl has her adventures,



FELLING ELM-TREES IN KENSINGTON GARDENS.

For elm-trees in Kensington Gardens have recently been cut down. The Gardens were invaded by huge floats, which conveyed the fallen trunks to the lumber-yard.

too, at home, and the whole is a thrilling tale told with spirit and simplicity. Another volume which will educate without betraying the fact is "The Crown of Pine," by Professor A. J. Church (Seeley), a story of Corinth and the Isthmian Games. No one can write this sort of story better than Professor Church; he keeps all the dignity of the classics, yet makes a capital tale. Another romance of real people, though in a different style, is "A Boy Musician" (Blackie), which tells of the early life of Mozart. The "Twelfth Mass" will be a different thing altogether to any girl after meeting and becoming intimate with the composer of it in these tender and charming chapters.

Then, for those girls who are a little tired of history, and would really rather forget for a time that there is such a place as school, there are books of an entirely different kind, stories of the wide, free life of larger lands, such as "A Daughter of the Ranges," by Bessie Marchant (Blackie). This is a tale of Western Canada and of a plucky girl who, when her father is incapacitated by an accident, takes the sole management of the farm and cattle-ranch on her own young shoulders. The family has an enemy, but the heroine has a friend, and

the end of this narrative is bright with bravery rewarded. "Molly and Her Brothers," by Mabel Earle (Blackie), is another chronicle of the freer life. It tells how a sister and two brothers made their fortunes in Boulder Gulch, and how much courage of all kinds was needed for the doing of it. "The Lost River," by Edward S. Ellis (Cassell), is a story of desperate adventure in California, with gold underground, Indians above ground, and danger in the air. Captain Marryat's "Children of the New Forest" (Blackie) comes forth again in dainty guise to tempt a new generation and allure it as it has done the old with its breathless incidents of Charles and Cromwell days.

Many a girl, however, will wish to wander yet further afield than gulches and goldfields, and for these there is fairyland to explore, with expert guides. First comes Mr. Lang, with "The Red Romance Book" (Longmans), a tight pack of knights and dragons, fairies and wizards, marvellous animals and engaging heroes from many lands, set forth in thrilling story and gorgeous picture. Next comes "Bluebell and the Sleepy King," by Aubrey Hopwood and Seymour Hicks

(Pearson), telling of the poor little flower-seller who found gold in her hand on Christmas night, and paid her way with it into Fairyland, a most amusing country to be in, it seems. "Prince Uno," by W. D. Stevens (Pearson), is the account of a sober uncle's several visits to the same magic country, and of his special chum, the Fairy Prince. Two more of these brilliant green books of Messrs Pearson are by Mrs. George Corbett, who in "The Adventures of Princess Daintipet" tells of the young princess who ran away to escape marriage with a horrid prince (as she thought) and fell in love with the very prince himself disguised as a wood-cutter and carrying a magic axe. In "Little Miss Robinson Crusoe" the same writer gives an exciting account of a wrecked heroine, who on a lonely island emulates the fine spirit of the earlier Robinson and undergoes

sensational experiences. "The Little Black Princess," by Jeannie Gunn (De la More Press), is a true tale of a real little princess in the Australian bush. Children may learn from this some of the ways and customs of the Never-Never Land, which is a real place, to be visited by means of a return-ticket and a certain amount of pluck. "The Lilliput Revels," by W. E. Rands (John Lane), are a series of little plays for children, actable and amusing, which their parents have enjoyed in their turn.

Back from fairyland again we find an exceptionally pretty story by Dorothea Moore, "Brown" (Nisbet). Brown's father went off to fight at Waterloo, but Brown, who was sent to his godfather in the fen country, had quite as exciting a time with smugglers and Preventive men, earning glory, and even a handshake from the Great Duke himself. "Uncle Boo," by E. Everett-Green (Nelson), is another story of a father at the war and children at home, but here it is an uncle who cares for



A FISHING-WHEEL ON A CANADIAN RIVER.

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them and gives them a good time; and a shower of gold in the shape of a legacy brings down the curtain with joy to all. Space forbids us to tell of the wealth of illustrations in all these books, but they are there safely enough between covers which vie with the setting sun for brilliance. LILIAN QUILLER-COUCH.

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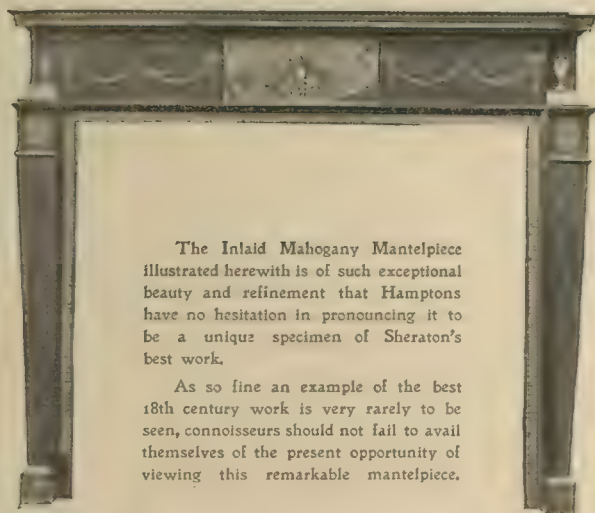
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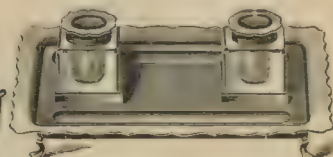


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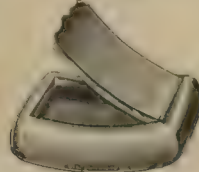
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POPULAR SCIENCE
FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

Messrs. Cassell are to be congratulated on their "Natural History for Young People." It is a handsome volume, well packed with anecdotes of animals, by A. E. Bonser, illustrated by over a hundred full-page plates by George Rankin and A. Fairfax Mucklev. While it has all the charm of a fairy-tale, it is really a text-book of considerable value. The keynote is simplicity, such terms as Ungulates and Incessores being rendered in plain English as "Hoofed Animals" and "Perching Birds." This volume should be to the nursery bookshelf what "Lyddaker" is to the more advanced reader: a work of ready reference, for it combines within its covers a complete guide not only to the "Zoo," but also to the Natural History Museum at South Kensington.

Agnes Giberne is always picturesque and interesting, whether she writes of the stars or of the depths of the ocean. In her new book, "The Romance of the Mighty Deep" (Pearson), she fully maintains her reputation as a charming writer on scientific subjects. Starting with a general description of the sea and its laws, levels, tides and currents, she passes on to the ocean as a force in geology, and draws a very lucid distinction between the sandstone and chalk formations.

Hence, in imagination, she takes her readers to the ice-cold, dark depths of the ocean, unfolding a wonderful panorama of life at each step—corals, anemones, jelly

fish, crabs, and the dreaded octopus. A romance indeed, and, what is better, a true one.

For thoughtful boys of a scientific turn of mind there are three books of special interest this year: "The Romance of Mining," by Archibald Williams (Pearson); "The Romance of Modern Mechanism," by the same author (Seeley); and "The Romance of Modern Electricity," by Charles R. Gibson (Seeley). Mr. Williams, in the first two volumes, discourses very pleasantly on the three kings of the present day—King Coal, King Steam, and King Steel. "The Romance of Mining" is full of golden nuggets of information concerning gold, diamonds, silver, copper, coal, and rubies, and the method of winning them from the earth. Boys will follow with interest his stirring pictures of life in the miners' camp, and the dangers of deep workings. "The Romance of Modern Mechanism" carries on the story of the ore thus gained, and its history, until we see it in the shape of the modern battle-ship, or in the delicate measuring appliance of the laboratory. There is something almost uncanny in the fearful precision of the machines described by the author, and the book should prove eminently useful to any boy who contemplates entering upon the career of a mechanical engineer. In



THE NEW TYPE OF BRITISH CRUISER: H.M.S. "BLACK PRINCE"

The "Black Prince," which was built at Blackwall, is the new type of first-class cruiser for the British Navy. She was recently delivered at Portsmouth. During the present week she went to Plymouth for her steam trials.

Photo. Cribb.

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Who does not like a story of the stirring fourteenth century? We never tire of reading about the events of that romantic time—of the fascinating men and women of that period—of the encounters in the lists, the chivalry of the knights, the fierce hand-to-hand battles. We love to have them brought again to our memories, they provide pictures that stir us up these dull days. The famous author of "Sherlock Holmes" has written a story of those times which portrays it as, probably, no other has done. Many people have only read the detective stories by this author, but many thousands have read his story, "The White Company." These know that he has written something outside the realms of crime detection that is eminently worth reading. The most prominent figure in that work is Sir Nigel Loring, and the new story,

SIR NIGEL

By A. CONAN DOYLE

records his earlier years. A story which relates the doings of a great character always holds readers, and the strength of the grip depends upon the personality of the hero. The same power that made "Sherlock Holmes" and "Brigadier Gerard" live in our minds has invested "Sir Nigel" with a fascination few will be able to resist. His personality was magnetic in the days when English noblemen went to war for the sake only of honour and gain. The best men and the keenest and boldest spirits of Hampshire and Dorset flocked around the banner of the five scarlet roses, all eager to follow the famous Sir Nigel Loring. His deeds of daring, his great capacities as a leader, and his prowess in battle, made him a man hundreds of the fighting men of those days would have died for. Do not miss the first instalment of this great story, which appears in the

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"The Romance of Modern Electricity" Mr. Charles Gibson traces the history and rise of what may be the successor to King Steam. Starting from the voltaic pile and the simple helix of wire round a core of soft iron, he leads his readers, by a series of experiments which are well within the capacity of any intelligent boy, to the wonders of the induction coil and dynamo. The vexed question of ether and air is simply

...less telegraphy and its applications. The medical side of the science is represented by the X-rays and radium; but the most interesting point in the book is the lucid explanation of such terms as volt, ampere, and ohm, and their application to the domestic meter. Every householder should read

In the *Strand Magazine* Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has returned to the fascinating history of Sir Nigel Loring, the hero of the *White Company*. The new story is set in an earlier period of Sir Nigel's life than that related in the former novel.

The Great Western Railway Company announce that they have been made for the collection and prompt delivery of Christmas parcels in all the principal towns on their system. The charges for conveyance of parcels by Parcel Post are lower than those by Parcel Post, and in the case of longer distances the rates for parcels of two pounds and above do not exceed the charge made by Parcel Post.

Messrs. Heering of Copenhagen, the world-renowned manufacturers of cherry brandy, have introduced most famous faience jars made by the famous Copenhagen Pottery Works, filled with their cherry brandy. A new jar will be produced each year, and as the number of jars made is being limited to 1000 per annum, there is every reason to suppose that as time goes on they will become scarce and therefore valuable.

CHRISTMAS CAKES.

Now that the youngsters are expected home for the holidays and the time for children's parties is at hand, it behoves the careful mother to lay in a goodly supply of cakes and biscuits wherewith to gratify the little revellers and holiday-makers. Messrs. Huntley and Palmers are to the fore this year, as usual, with a large



A CHRISTMAS CAKE-CASKET.

USED BY MESSRS. HUNTLEY AND PALMERS.

and varied assortment of tasty and attractive cakes and biscuits. The cakes manufactured by this firm are not only gratifying to palate and absolutely pure, but they are charming to the eye, and give a bright and festive appearance to the table or buffet upon which they are placed. As to the biscuits, they are

unsurpassed; if Santa Claus happens to be disturbed by doubts as to what gift would be most esteemed by any of his little friends, he will obtain easy relief from his difficulties by consulting Messrs. Huntley and Palmers' Christmas Catalogue. What more welcome present to either boy or girl than one of this firm's beautiful Boulton China Caskets, decorated by artistic designs illustrating fairy stories, and filled with those "Nursery Rhyme" biscuits that have become known in every land since they were first introduced by this firm? Each of these entertaining biscuits forms a picture illustrating some well-known nursery poem. On the principle that a thing of beauty is a joy for ever, when the contents have been enjoyed the empty casket can be well utilised for various other purposes, such as a vase for flowers or a receptacle for *pot-pourri*. Its price is 10s. 6d. Grown-up people, too, are not forgotten by this firm. The most charming of boxes and tins filled with various assortments of biscuits can be obtained, many of the cases especially designed to form toothsome contents.

Among seasonable gift-books for children is "In the Snow" by Bennett Humphreys (Blackie). The story is of children's delights near town, and shows the pleasure which may be gained by daily trips to the wood-fair play about London, and that a perfectly delightful pastime is the making of snow globes. Another by Lucile Lovell (Ward, Lock), is a small hero who takes his journey with only his rabbit for companion, and comes, a ragged, unwanted little being, to storm the castle and win the heart of a stern, unforgiving uncle. Another Christmas gift-book is a safe venture for any purchaser. It is a fat, captivating book of "The Romance of Woman's Influence," by Alice Corkran (Blackie). The helpfulness of actual women as mothers, daughters, wives, and sisters, as inspirers of great works and models of devotion, is attractively shown.

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its unique system of pneumatics being protected by patents. Through- out the pioneer instrument, it maintains to-day its supremacy as the most perfect, artistic, and human-like piano-player, a masterpiece of inventive genius. The "ANGELUS" has given a new impetus to piano-study and enjoyment, and has enabled all to play who have hitherto been debarred owing to lack of technical accomplishment.

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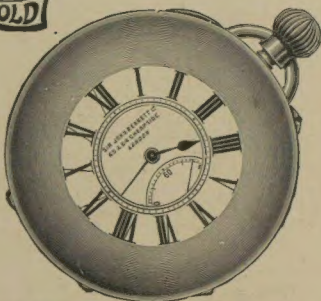
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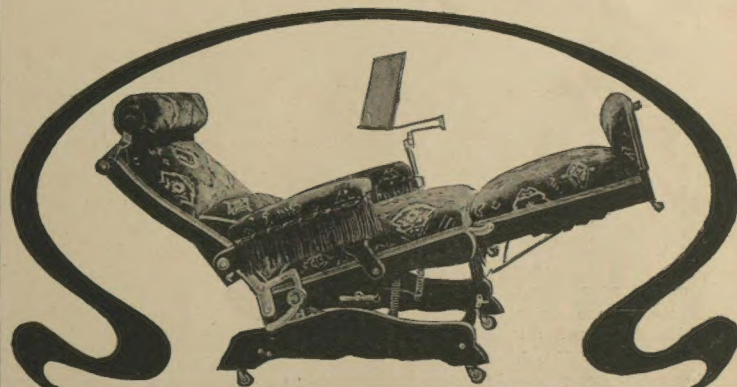


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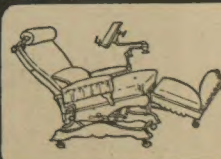
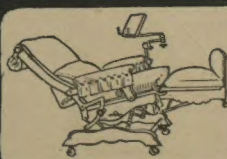
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Aug. 19, 1903) of MR. ARTHUR JAMES HAMILTON WILLS, of 51, Westbourne Terrace, whose death occurred on Oct. 20, was proved on Nov. 22 by Ferdinand Philip Maximilian Schiller and Hugh Adams, the value of the real and personal estate being £305,271. The testator directs that a sum producing £6000 per annum is to be invested and one-half thereof paid to his wife for life, one-fourth thereof to her while she remains his widow, and the remaining one-fourth to her until his children attain the age of twenty-five years. Subject thereto, such funds are to go to his children. Should he leave more than one child, then the residue of his property is to be held in trust for them; but should his issue be only one, then the residue is to be held in trust for his brother Gilbert Alan and his family.

The will (dated Aug. 12, 1905) of MR. GEORGE WILLIAM MARSHALL, of Sarnesfield Court, Hereford, and Holmbush, Upper Richmond Road, Putney, York Herald of Arms, who died on Sept. 12, was proved on Nov. 28 by Isaac Marshall, William Marshall, and Philip Twells Marshall, the sons, and Joseph Percy Thomasin Foster, the value of the real and personal estate being £216,966. The testator settles the Sarnesfield Court estate and his real and leasehold property in Hereford, and a sum of £75,000 on his son Isaac for life, with remainder to his first and other sons in tail male. He gives £15,000 to his son George; £10,000 to his son William; £7500 to his son Ambrose; £10,000 to his son Thomas; £2000 to his daughter Alice; £2000 and two policies of insurance to his daughter Mildred; and the Hill Top Foundry, West Bromwich, with the plant, goodwill, etc., to his son Isaac. The residue of his property he leaves, in trust, for the person who shall first succeed to his settled estates.

The will (dated June 12, 1902) of the REV. EDWARD ALLEN, M.A., of Osvestry House, Eastbourne, who died on Sept. 28, was proved on Nov. 23 by Mrs. Ellen Mary Allen, the widow, Bulkeley Allen, John Edward Prestage, and Charles Frederick Whitfield, the value of the estate amounting to £131,507. The testator gives one-tenth of his property for such charitable institutions or objects as his executors may select; £400, the household effects, and during widowhood, £800 per annum to his wife; and £3000 each to his sons, John Derwent and Charles Wilfrid. The residue of his property he leaves to his children.

The will (dated Sept. 30, 1898) of LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ROBERT OCTAVIUS CUMMING, of Coulter, Cheltenham, who died on Oct. 7, has been proved by Captain Robert Stevenson Dalton Cumming, R.N., and Walter Charles Cumming, the sons, and Miss Annie Elizabeth Cumming, the daughter, the value of the estate being £109,270. The testator gives £100, the use of the household furniture, and an annuity of £600 to his wife, Mrs. Anna Maria Cumming. The residue of his property he leaves to his children equally.

The will of MR. WALTER ABRAHAM LEVY SYMONS, of 14, Sussex Place, Regent's Park, and 28, Mark Lane, wine-merchant, who died on Sept. 27, was proved on Nov. 24 by Mrs. Georgina Symons, the widow, the value of the property amounting to £91,919. He gives to his wife £500; to the Royal Hospital for Incurables, Putney, and the Jewish Board of Guardians, £50 each; to his sister, Eliza Yucani, £200 per annum; in trust for Alice and Miriam de Lara Cohen, £2000 each; in trust for Morris and Louis de Lara Cohen, £1000 each; and many small legacies. The residue of his property he leaves, in trust, for Mrs. Symons for life, and then one moiety thereof, in trust, for his sister, Mrs. Sarah de Lara

Cohen, one-fourth to his nephew David de Lara Cohen, and the remaining one-fourth between Miriam, Alice, Louis, and Morris de Lara Cohen. On the decease of his sister, one-half of her moiety is to be paid to Alice de Lara Cohen, and the other to Miriam, Louis, and Morris de Lara Cohen.

The will (dated Aug. 7, 1903), with a codicil, of MRS. ELIZABETH ROSE REBECCA CREYKE, of 112, Eaton Square, and Holbrook, Horsham, widow, who died on Oct. 7, was proved on Nov. 24 by Sir Neville Lubbock, K.C.M.G., Charles Watson Clark, and James Arthur Dawes, the value of the property being £76,694, exclusive of that in New Zealand. Among other legacies she gives £5000 each to her nieces Madeline Ellinor Scott and Sarah Mary Tanner; £5000 to Mary Lady Eardley Wilmot; and £500 to Muriel Watts Russell. One half of her estate in New Zealand she leaves to her niece Madeline Ellinor Scott, and other, in trust, for her niece Sarah Mary Tanner and her children. The residue of her property she gives to Mrs. Madeline Ellinor Scott.

The will (dated July 30, 1900) of MR. ELLIS HOPE SHAWCROSS, of 66, Lexham Gardens, South Kensington, who died on Sept. 28, was proved on Nov. 25 by Robert Ellis Shawcross, the son, and Miss Emily Jessie Shawcross, the daughter, the value of the property being £55,490. The testator leaves everything he dies possessed of to his wife, Mrs. Jessie Shawcross, for life, and then to his son and daughter.

Colonel Edmund Lomax Fraser's will.—The amount which Colonel Fraser had power of appointment over under his marriage settlement was £10,000, and not £100,000 as stated in our issue last week.

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Eliminating trials reduce the number of really safe and useful massage lubricants to one,

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For the relief of Aches and Pains, as Rheumatism, Sprains, Bruises, Sore Throat from Cold, Cold at the Chest, Chronic Bronchitis, Fevers from Cold, Chilblains before broken, Cramp, Stiffness, Soreness of the Limbs after Cycling, Football, Rowing, Golf, &c.

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For searching heavy carpets and extracting embedded dirt with hygienic thoroughness no other sweeper offers measurable competition with the BisSELL.

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Ask your Chemist for DR. HOMMEL'S REMATOGEN (Blood former). Beware of imitations. Price 2s. 9d. per bottle.—Write for free Pamphlet to Nicolay and Co., 26, St. Andrew's Hill, London, E.C.

Oakey's "WELLINGTON" Knife Polish

The Original Preparation for Cleansing and Polishing Cutlery, and all Steel, Iron, Brass, and Copper Articles. Sold in Cansisters at 3d., 6d., & 1s., by Grocers, Ironmongers, Oilmen, &c. Wellington Emery and Black Lead Mills, London, E.C.

A LOVELY XMAS PRESENT FOR LADIES.

3 EAU DE COLOGNE 5
FOR LAVENDER WATER FOR
5/- HELIOTROPE BLANC 9/-
VIOLETTE DE PARMA

Any Two Large Bottles of Perfume together with one large bottle of Rosewater, will be sent post free for 5/- Postal Order.

Do not miss this splendid opportunity; we offer this only before Xmas. Order at once.

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YOU should send us a postcard at once asking for our new Xmas Book, entitled "GIFTS FROM THE WHITE HOUSE," containing a list of many exquisite products of Irish peasant industry, similar to those purchased from us by Her Late Majesty, QUEEN VICTORIA, H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES, and titled families throughout the world.

If you are in doubt as to what to give your friend or relative (duty or gentlemen) for

A Xmas Present

you will certainly find something suitable amongst these WHITE HOUSE GIFTS. All the articles are GENUINE IRISH, many of them unique in quality and design, the White House having an unequalled connection among the most skillful of the peasant workers. The following are examples from our extensive selection of articles always most acceptable as presents—

FINE IRISH LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS.

In Charming Fancy Boxes.

Embroidered corners, straight edges... 4/6 per dozen.

Embroidered all round, with fancy border... 8/-

Two handsome linen hand-embroidered handkerchiefs 2/6

LIMERICK LACE SCARVES.

True Lover's Knot, with Shamrock design, 15 yd. long, 6 in. wide Scarf, beautiful 7/6 each

Larger size Limerick Lace Scarf, beautiful pattern, fancy border... 17/6

The favour of a trial order is solicited. Goods sent by return, post free in British Isles.

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